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THE SWEET O' THE YEAR.

Get your summer smocks on, ye little
elves and fairies!

Put your winter ones away in bur-
rows underground—

Thick leaves and thistledown,
Rabbit's-fur and missel-down,
Woven in your magic way which no
one ever varies,

Worn in earthy hidey-holes till
Spring comes round!

Get your summer smocks on! Be clad
no more in russet!

All the flow'rs are fashion-plates and
fabrics for your wear—

Gold and silver gossamer,
Webs from every blossomer,
Fragrant and so delicate (with neither
seam nor gusset),

Filmy you spin them, but they will
not tear!

Get your summer smocks on, for all
the woodland's waking,

All the glades with green and glow
salute you with a shout,

All the earth is chorussing
(Hear the Lady Flora sing!—
Her that strews the hyacinths and sets
you merry-making),
Oak and ash do call you and the
blackthorn's out!

Get your summer smocks on, for soon's
the time of dances

Soon's the time of junketings and
revellers' delights—

Dances in your pleasaunces
Where your dainty presence is
Dangerous to mortals mid the moon-
light that entrances,
Dazzling to a mortal eye on hot June
nights!

Punch.

THE DREAM-SHIP.

I built a ship of fairy-pearl, in days
so long gone by,

With woven sails of gossamer that
shimmered in the blue.

She sailed upon a sea of dreams to
isles where dreams are true,
And all her hold was filled with gold of
young hopes beating high.

She sailed at moonrise, when the
rays had lit with gleaming light
A silver pathway on the sea, athwart
the fairy blue.

About her prow soft curled and crept
enchanted mists of night.

Thin mists that veiled the isles from
sight, but let their light shine
through.

And on she sailed for many a night;
she drifted on for days.

Soft breezes drove her gently through
the rose-lined golden dawn

To where those islands far away
were clothed with quivering haze
Of dancing, dewy, dawn-light dreams,
on Morning's wings upborne.

She sailed for days, she sailed for
nights, for years she drifted on,
And one by one the golden hopes
spread out their wings and flew;
They vanished in the pearl-mist
where so many dreams are gone,
And the craft rose on the water as her
cargo lighter grew.

The magic isles grew fainter yet, the
mist became a shroud,
As, like a shell, the tiny barque tossed,
with her empty hold;
Till down she sank, as, through the
vell, the sea-birds cried aloud
A requiem for my ship of pearl and
hopes of living gold.

D. F. Dalston.

The English Review.

MY YOUTH.

My youth was my old age,
Weary and long;
It had too many cares
To think of song;
My moulting days all came
When I was young.

Now, in life's prime, my soul
Comes out in flower;
Late, as with Robin, comes
My singing power;
I was not born to joy
Till this late hour.

W. H. Davies.

FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS IN THE BALKANS.

The belief, so prevalent towards the end of 1912, that the downfall of Ottoman rule in Europe would open for the Balkan countries an era of peaceful progress, has shared the fate of most prophecies concerning those wayward regions. Barely a month after the conclusion of the war with Turkey, the victors were in the grip of internecine strife, and the alliance that had wrought such momentous results lay in ashes. This melancholy chapter closed with the Treaty of Bukarest, but whatever hopes of a permanent settlement in the Balkans may have once existed were buried on the battlefields in Macedonia. The peace restored last August resembles that which, in the memorable phrase, once reigned in Poland, concealing under the guise of outward order vast stores of restlessness and disaffection. Atmospheric conditions throughout the Peninsula remain highly disturbed, and no one can say whether the rumblings heard in some parts are the dying echo of the recent storm or the first signs of one approaching.

Few of the problems which precipitated the original conflict have been solved, while some of the gravest are in a worse muddle than before. In the struggle against Turkey the motive power was supplied by the desire to end chronic misrule and to advance the cause of national unification. As regards the first of these objects, time may be expected to do much, although at present there is little to choose between the old regime and the new. But it is with respect to the second one that the experiment has proved a lamentable failure. In the final reconstruction, the principle of nationality was trampled under foot and entire populations were treated as if they had been chattels. What is worse, people

who for more than three decades had enjoyed the boon of a national government were handed over to alien rule. These are, briefly stated, the net results of the two most devastating wars in modern times. History records no more tragic instance of human futility.

It is a pure misnomer to describe as lasting peace a scheme of things based on such shaky foundations and manifestly intended to gratify momentary passions. Whatever respite there may be in store for the Balkan peoples will not be the merit of the so-called Peace of Bukarest, but an effect of their physical and financial exhaustion. This last fact forms an important element of the new situation and must be taken into consideration when prognosticating future developments in that part of the world. But its value as a calming influence is to a large extent neutralized by the recuperative faculties of those young political organisms, and these border on the miraculous. Had their economic life been controlled by the laws operating in more advanced communities, they ought ere now to have ended in bankruptcy and ruin. Instead of this happening, nearly all impartial observers agree that the war has hardly affected their material resources. In most of the Balkan countries agriculture constitutes the staple industry, and the work in the fields continued throughout the crisis as in normal times. In Bulgaria, for instance, the places left vacant by the mobilization were promptly filled by the women, who proved such efficient substitutes that there was very little difference in the yield of the crops between the years 1913 and 1912. Manufacturing or other industries being practically non-existent, Bulgaria was spared the

dire consequences of a prolonged *chomage*. It is no exaggeration to say that, given average harvests, four or five years should suffice to obliterate all material traces of the war. Of course, the case with the national exchequer is somewhat different, but here also the situation is far from being desperate. The heaviest item in the war expenditure, the revictualling of half a million men during eleven months, was met by requisitions, thus constituting a debt which the nation owes to itself. As regards foreign creditors, the war indebtedness of Bulgaria is insignificant, and any difficulties which she may now encounter in trying to place a loan are due to political rather than economic causes. The one loss which will be felt longest is the human toll of the war—killed, dead and maimed—representing a huge army of at least 100,000, and comprising the most virile elements of the nation. On the other hand, the rate at which population in Bulgaria increases is the highest in Europe, and will enable her to repair the deficiencies sooner than is generally expected. In the meantime, the stream of emigration from the new Servian and Greek territories has more than compensated for the war casualties.

In considering Bulgaria's chances of speedily recovering from the effects of her recent disasters, a point worth noting is that if she was deprived of the legitimate fruits of her sacrifices, she was also spared the labor of reorganizing extensive territories. What the difficulties of that task are in countries lacking the first rudiments of civil government may be gathered from the present tribulations of new Albania. Less is known of the situation in Macedonia, but there is no reason for supposing that the pace of progress in that province is any more satisfactory. The fact that martial law is still maintained both by Greeks

and Servians points to the conclusion that the work of renovation has hardly yet begun. But the problem must sooner or later be tackled, unless chaos is to be promoted to the dignity of governmental art. How or where the requisite agents for this delicate mission will be found in countries which could hardly meet the demand of the home market for administrative talent is a question more easily asked than answered. At present Macedonia, instead of proving a source of strength to her new masters, is rather a drain on the old countries and makes them more vulnerable than before. So far, Roumania remains the sole Balkan state which has attempted in earnest the organization of her new territories. Only, as the administrative system in the Bulgarian Dobrudja was of a more advanced type than the one prevalent in Roumania, reform in this case was bound to mean retrogression. What the new Roumanian law has done is to replace the fabric of self-government and local autonomy by administrative *sans-gêne*, and to undermine the security of private property under the pretext of verifying title-deeds. The secret meaning of this somewhat unusual step will be understood by those who know that the great preoccupation of Roumanian statesmanship is how to provide room for Roumanian colonists in a province entirely inhabited by foreign races. As a result of the new enactments, Roumania will henceforth possess a class of Bulgarian pariahs in addition to her Jewish ones. A touch of irony is supplied to the story by the fact that all this is happening on the eve of the Roumanian peasant emancipation. The enslavement of the free will in this way synchronize with the liberation of the bondsmen.

The energy and resources, which the other Balkan states will have to expend on evolving order out of anarchy or on keeping alien races in submission,

can be devoted by Bulgaria almost entirely to preparations for the day when things Balkan shall be once more thrown into the melting-pot. This work of general overhauling ought to prove a speedy one, for Bulgaria possesses a homogeneous population, famous for its thrift and industry, while her finances are in a less precarious position than those of her rivals. The disasters which the criminal stupidity of the ruling classes brought on the country have chastened its spirit without in the least weakening its resolution. Just now, the nation's unanimity of purpose is somewhat obscured by the clash of party recriminations, but when the fateful hour comes every one will once more be found inspired by the same ideal and sustained by the same will.

If so much stress is laid on Bulgaria, the reason is that in that country resides the chief danger to the new order of things in the Balkans. The beneficiaries under the Treaty of Bukarest realize this perfectly well, and their one anxiety since last August has been how to provide against so manifest a peril. It would, no doubt, be absurd to anticipate any serious trouble in the immediate future; however tough their race, the Bulgarians cannot be spending their whole time fighting. Still, because the risks are distant they do not cease to be real, and statesmen of foresight must take stock of all possible contingencies. Most of the activity which this subject is occasioning, as might be expected, takes place behind the scene and partakes of the nature of diplomatic secrets. People, however, overrate the importance of what is withheld from the public. At all events, those secrets have less to do with Bulgaria than with some other quarters which are also suspected of harboring evil intentions.

As regards Bulgaria, the policy of the new Balkan entente is simplicity

itself. Roumania, Servia, and Greece openly avow that they continue to form a block and are determined by joint efforts to repel all attempts on the part of Bulgaria at altering the Balkan *status quo*. There is not the slightest reason for supposing that the solidarity implied in this policy is not equally sincere on all sides. For the time being, Bulgaria is not only their common enemy, but also their common victim. That fact, by making enmity doubly bitter, renders solidarity an easier virtue. But solidarity on one point, even when cemented by such a potent feeling, does not mean community of interests all along the line. In the present case, all influences are far from being on the side of concord and, as conditions revert to their normal state, the centrifugal tendencies will increase rather than diminish in force. While the memory of common triumphs remains fresh and the fear of reprisals dominates the situation, the adjustment of frictions will prove the pleasantest of tasks. It is when those sentiments begin to wear out, as they must with time, that the permanency of the entente will be put to the test. The problem, as will appear in the course of the article, is far more complicated than is imagined, and the possibility is by no means excluded that the soul would have gone out of the entente before the danger which gave birth to it has actually arisen. The sad story of the first Balkan League leaves little room for illusions as to the durability of most Balkan combinations. Of course, the fate of the last one is always going to differ from that of its predecessors; but the last in those regions has such an inveterate habit of becoming the last but one, that it is worth while enquiring into the chances of the present instance proving an exception to the rule. We therefore, propose, to take each member of the group in turn and examine the various

factors that are likely to affect their future conduct.

The place of honor naturally goes to Roumania. The part which that country played in recent events, if not very glorious, has been a most profitable one. While the other Balkan states won or lost on the battlefield, Roumania picked up the palm of Balkan hegemony by merely marching her troops through a defenceless territory. The advance-guard of her army reached the gates of Sofia without encountering a Bulgarian soldier. Whatever reverses Bulgaria may have suffered in Macedonia, she lost the war to an enemy with whom not a shot was exchanged. This intervention of Roumania at the most critical juncture of the war has definitely brought her into the vortex of Balkan politics from which the elder generation of her statesmen had for many years tried to keep her free. So long as Roumania's face was turned westward, her policy with respect to Bulgaria consisted in cultivating the good-will of that country with the object of covering her flank. As their interests lay in different spheres, there was then no question of rivalry between them. The Treaty of Bukarest has changed all this, and henceforth the former friends will confront each other as rivals. Protestations of good will continue to be made on both sides, and the present Bulgarian Government is exerting itself to bring about a *rapprochement*, but all such efforts are doomed to failure. So long as the Roumanian policy continues to be guided by Balkan ambitions, an understanding with Bulgaria will remain impossible, for the very good reason that all such ambitions can only be at the expense of the latter country. The manifest interest of Roumania, after what has happened, is to keep Bulgaria weak and isolated; any other policy on her part would be courting disaster. She is, therefore, acting very logically in

constituting herself *gendarme-en-chef* of the Treaty of Bukarest, and those who, in Bulgaria, believe that Roumania will voluntarily consent to a revision of that instrument are putting their trust in miracles. On the contrary, the chances are that the last voice heard in defence of the present Balkan arrangement will come from the banks of the Dimbovitza.

If the future course of the Roumanian policy as regards Bulgaria is clearly shaped, the same cannot be said of Roumania's relations with the Great Powers; and on this her conduct in any future Balkan complications will to a great extent turn. For many years Roumania stood as the avowed friend of the Triple Alliance and drew her inspiration from Vienna and Berlin. This has ceased to be true, at least for the time being. It is no secret that during the recent crisis she acted not only with the approval, but even at the instigation of Russia and France. Since the conclusion of peace, certain events have occurred which show that those two Powers are leaving no stone unturned to win her to their fold. To a comparatively small country this courting must be sweet incense, and the Roumanians are lending themselves to the game with the grace befitting their origin. What makes temptation harder to resist is that, in addition to mercies already received, other and even bigger favors are promised elsewhere. It must not be forgotten that Roumania has irredentist ideals in Transylvania where millions of her kinsmen are groaning under a foreign yoke. So long as she owed allegiance in Vienna these aspirations were studiously repressed, but now the tempter comes and whispers of the lands on the other side of the Carpathians. To many it might seem that there is no room for hesitation, and that the plain duty of Roumania is to march with those who can help her to

realize her historic mission. On closer examination, however, the question loses its simplicity, and all the arguments are by no means found to be on the same side. Transylvania can only be won by the overthrow of Austria, and that, in its turn, implies the victory of Russia. But such a victory signifies the definite triumph of the Slav race, which will then form a vast ocean, encompassing Roumania on all sides. This is a heavy price to pay even for such an object as the unification of the Roumanian race, and one can well understand why some of the most ardent Roumanian patriots waver before accepting the proffered hand. On the whole and appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, it is very doubtful whether Roumania has at any moment seriously thought of altering her traditional policy. So long as King Charles remains at the helm the ship may be expected to follow the old route, and even when a new pilot has taken his place any deviations from that course are not likely to be more than temporary expedients. The delusion that Roumania can be detached from the Triple Alliance will not outlive the exceptional circumstances which have created it. Sooner or later Franco-Russian diplomacy must admit that it has taken its wishes for reality, and with the return to a saner appreciation of things the present Balkan entente will have lost in the eyes of Russia and France the best part of its charms. For the value of that entente as far as those Powers are concerned depends entirely upon the certitude that it will embrace their quarrels. A combination whose prime member belongs to the enemy's camp is to them worse than useless, and the treatment which they meted to Bulgaria for her supposed betrayal of their cause will one day prove Roumania's lot also.

The case of Greece has many points

of resemblance to that of Roumania. Her share under the Treaty of Bukarest was far bigger than the Roumanian one, and her interest in the maintenance of that pact is proportionately greater. The Balkan entente as a defensive instrument is to Greece a necessity of prime importance, for she has roused the bitterest resentment in more than one quarter and is least able to cope with the danger single-handed. But for the fact that she has friends and allies at her side, peace between herself and Bulgaria could not last a week. Beside the general understanding for the defence of the present *status quo* in the Balkans, Greece has a separate agreement with Servia which, originally designed for the purpose of opposing Bulgarian ambitions in Macedonia, has since become a treaty of reinsurance against possible aggressions on the part of their former ally. With all these guarantees for a tranquil enjoyment of her newly won advantages, the position of Greece is far from being satisfactory, and there are specks on her sky which may one day develop into threatening clouds. In contrast with Roumania, she is surrounded on every side by actual or potential rivals, and the only immediate friend on whose assistance she can rely is not without giving her causes for serious reflection. The work of reorganizing her new territories is complicated by the fact that a considerable portion of their inhabitants belong to foreign races whose sympathies it is well-nigh impossible to secure. Her finances are far from thriving, while her military expenditure is rendered doubly irksome by the necessity of keeping a strong fleet. She may discover that the winning of those territories was child's play as compared with keeping them.

What was said in connection with the attitude of Roumania towards the Great Powers also applies to Greece,

though in a lesser degree. Ever since her liberation, the foreign policy of Greece has been to act as closely as possible with France and England, who have on all occasions shown themselves her supporters and friends. During the recent crisis, France took up the Greek cause with a zeal and energy worthy of the old days. Under these circumstances, the notion that Greece may at any future time modify her policy will strike most people as perfectly gratuitous. But the improbable does happen sometimes, and signs are not lacking that the present might prove one of those occasions. Greece cannot, any more than Roumania, contemplate with equanimity the uninterrupted advance of the Slav way, and the best way of obviating that danger is not to side with the group which primarily represents the Slav cause. The recent manifestation of King Constantine in Berlin, which at the time gave so much umbrage to the French nation, was certainly more than mere politeness. When all the facts about the latest Balkan crisis are known, it will be found that some of the warmest champions of Greek interests came from unexpected quarters. Another significant symptom is that Germany has more than once expressed her warm approval of the Treaty of Bukarest and her opposition to the idea of its revision. This proves that she, at all events, does not consider the present Balkan entente as inimical to herself. The future alone will show whether hers is not a more correct reading of the situation than the Franco-Russian one.

Now a few words about Serbia. As regards Greece and Roumania she stands in the relation of ally and friend, and for the time being the interests of the three are identical. But there are some essential differences between her case and theirs. For one thing, Serbia is a Slav country, which

Roumania and Greece are not. This fact has important bearings both on Serbia's position as a Balkan state and on her relations with the outside world. Whether she likes it or not, her fortunes must follow those of the great Slav empire, and all choice between the two European groups is closed to her. That is undoubtedly why no one thinks of flirting with her, as most of the Powers do with Greece or Roumania, if not with both: her friends know that they can depend on her fidelity, while those who might like to win her feel instinctively that the most pressing courtship would be labor lost. She too has a Crown Prince of marriageable age, but his name is never mentioned in connection with the matrimonial projects which at present fill so much space in the newspapers. All this may be perfectly natural, but to a sensitive nation whose armies bore the brunt of the fighting it must be none the less galling to be left so much in the cold. This, however, is small matter as compared with the disappointment which Serbia suffered in a long-cherished hope. To her, free access to the sea is the most pressing economic and political necessity. Her first impulse after the outbreak of the war with Turkey was to make a dash through the Albanian mountains and try to secure a foothold on the Adriatic coast. From a military point of view the task proved a simple one, but no sooner had the object been attained than Austria appeared on the stage and uttered her memorable veto on the Servian plan. The rebuff with which Serbia then met laid the germ of the second Balkan war, for its immediate consequence was to turn Servian ambitions southward. Such was certainly the secret aim of Ballplatz, and those who talk of the lamentable failure of Austrian diplomacy evidently forget this *coup de génie* of Count Berchtold, which has by no means yet exhausted

all its potentialities for evil. Last year it poisoned relations between Serbia and Bulgaria; it may one day have the same dire effect on Servo-Greek friendship. For Serbia still remains without a port of her own, and now that the best part of Macedonia has been annexed to her territories, she will even oftener think of the Aegean Sea than of the Adriatic. Geographically, Salonika forms part of new Serbia, and no amount of parchment can prevent this fact from influencing the future relations of the new allies. Greece has done everything short of surrendering her territory, to accommodate her ally, and the various privileges which have been granted to Serbia will make a considerable difference to her economic position. But if Serbia is destined to remain for long mistress of the Macedonian hinterland, she must have a sea line which can only be obtained at the expense of Greece. All, therefore, is not plain sailing in front of the Servo-Greek alliance, and very careful steering will be required if that fragile craft is to remain long afloat.

It would be idle to talk of a *rapprochement* between Serbia and Bulgaria at this juncture. Time has not yet had a full chance of mellowing down the tragic memories of last July, and a deep chasm still divides the two kindred nations. The air is thick with mutual recriminations; it is charges of treason on one side and accusations of disloyalty on the other. In Bulgaria, public opinion is indignant at the treatment of the Bulgarian population in the new Servian territories. Servians, in their turn, complain that Bulgaria is instigating insurrection among their new subjects. While this state of affairs lasts, all attempts at bringing Serbia and Bulgaria together are foredoomed to failure. But when every allowance has been made for the unfavorable influences, there still remain

grounds for believing that such an entente is not outside the range of possibilities. Bulgaria will sooner or later have to emerge from her present isolation and look for a friend in the Balkans. She can go neither to Roumania nor to Greece; and her choice, by mere process of elimination, will be inevitably fixed on her western neighbor. By the time Bulgaria has made up her mind to this initiative, Serbia will have discovered that the present arrangement, whatever its momentary advantages, affords neither comfort nor security. A meeting-ground will be found in the fact that, as regards the outside world, their interests point in the same direction. Bulgaria may for a time have abandoned her traditional policy and lent a willing ear to biased councillors. The results have not proved very encouraging, but even if the case had been the reverse she would still have soon returned to the old fold. The great majority of the Bulgarian nation has always been in favor of a close understanding with Russia and the Powers acting with her, and any departure from that course has small chances of securing the support of public opinion which, in a democratic country like Bulgaria, must have the last say on the matter.

A Servo-Bulgarian understanding will be equally advantageous to Serbia and to Bulgaria. To the former country, it will not only afford an additional guarantee against the Austrian peril, but also an indispensable support in the event of a union with Montenegro. Such a step is certain to meet with stubborn opposition in the Dual Monarchy, which will probably be backed on this occasion by Roumania. The friendship of Bulgaria, under these circumstances, becomes a valuable asset, and is worth acquiring even at the price of some territorial modifications in Macedonia and the recognition of the Bulgarian nationality in that

province. These concessions must be made by Servia, as otherwise the profit will be all on one side and Bulgaria will have no inducement for striking a bargain.

Just as a whole set of circumstances warrant the conjecture that a *rapprochement* between Bulgaria and Servia is by no means excluded, so, on the other hand, there are facts which point to the conclusion that the present Greco-Roumanian friendship will eventually mature into something more precise and permanent. Thus, instead of the present somewhat uneven distribution of the Balkan forces, two distinct groups will be formed, each drawing its inspiration from a different source and each pursuing a different ideal. And, as the law of attrac-

tion holds good in the political as well as the physical world, the Slav group will naturally gravitate towards that European constellation with which the fortunes of its race are linked; while the non-Slav group, probably reinforced by Turkey, will be arrayed on the opposite side. In this latter case, ethnic solidarity will be replaced by the common dread of Slav submersion. When the Balkan situation definitely crystallizes on these lines, a new chapter in the history of the Balkan nations will have opened. But then, as now, the Balkans will remain what they have been for many years past—a chess-board on which the Great Powers play their game, using the Balkan peoples as pawns.

A Diplomatist.

— The National Review.

HODGE: 1830.

In view of the fierce light that beats upon the agricultural laborer, and of the close interest men take at last—and he at last takes himself—in his character, his wage, his house, and his future; his past, some eighty years ago, may well claim, if only as the father of his present, a passing regard.

Not untypical of his class then, in his amazing slowness to acquire, or to part from, an idea; in his stubborn patience under wrong and suffering (the "poor dumb mouths" were stirred so seldom to the protest of the burning rick and the broken threshing-machine); almost as natural and simple as the flocks he tended; ignorant, and of the good mother earth he labored earthy; never having any wit, but sometimes a little wisdom, and, almost always, for the lucky and the well-to-do, a tolerance and a kindness which are among the marvels of his nature and his story—of these was William Fulcher.

The village of Bendham, in Suffolk, has receded some two miles from its gray, square-towered church, and in 1800, when William Fulcher was born there, it consisted of a dozen cottages, a windmill, an inn, a ruined farm, and three Scotch firs, on a gorse-grown and wind-swept common.

Four miles away was the market town of Saxenbridge, and eighty miles away—as inaccessible to Bendham as heaven—was London.

A little sturdy freckled youth was William, with a thatch of red hair on his forehead, one of the widest mouths ever seen on a human countenance, and two of the bluest and pleasantest of blue eyes.

The home which he was born into was a shed built of clay-lump roofed with faggots, and already occupied when he came into it by two parents, two brothers, and two sisters.

In William's first scheme of things, a father was a creature, absent, asleep,

or drunk; and a mother a worn, cross Providence, who cuffed and rated freely, but, all the same, doled out from the pot on the fire, with five pairs of bright little eyes intent upon her, the mess on which they lived.

When any child dropped his crust, the rest pounced on it: and might was right.

At what tender age was it that hunger and instinct informed little William that Farmer George's pig fared better than his laborer's children; and that certain savory morsels could be filched with impunity if one stationed one's ragged self near the sty at the psychological moment of the sow's dinner?

According to a custom—dying, even then—William's father ate at the farmer's table, and so did well.

In the day of William's grandfather, the common on which he lived had been common property, where the peasant had taken his piece of waste ground, kept his cow and his pig, cultivated the land, and lived largely on its fruits, until the Enclosure Acts of George III. deprived him of that right, and left him with a wage of a rapidly diminishing purchasing power. So that where William's grandfather had eaten meat, cheese, bacon, and vegetables from his own land, the grandson stilled the unpleasant sensation, always left after meals at the pit of a youthful stomach, from the pig's-wash or the hedgerows.

But it takes even more than an unfilled belly to make a completely unhappy child.

Until the very early date at which he became a wage-earner William was as free as air, roamed about the wild common, and amused himself satisfactorily, as the unamused learn to; there were birds' nests in the hedges, and the brook to paddle in; he used to put his plebeian square face against the iron bars of the great spiked gates leading

to the Park—where the great bushes of rhododendrons flared in May glory—and, presently, there came riding down the drive Sir Richard on his great horse, and Master Dick on his white pony; and sometimes Sir Richard said, "Hullo, Tommy!" and threw William a penny; and once, on one ever-memorable and tragic occasion, the heir stooped and gave him a shining shilling, which William, in his simplicity, at once ran home to display to his mother: who instantly filched it from him.

He howled, of course, to the extent of his most capable mouth, and was thrust out, howling, on to the common; but he had neither now, nor at any time, resentment; and even, at the bottom of his soul, some dim idea that his mother could not help herself. She always seemed to him worn, peevish, and old. If he had looked in the parish registers, and had been able to read them, he would have seen that at the time of her death she was thirty-seven years old.

Once, when he was about six, he did have some schooling, for which the weekly fee of twopence was, in consideration of the matter taught, extortionately high; the self-constituted village schoolmaster being, at Bendham as in many other villages of the epoch, "the refuse of all other callings": "past keeping the pigs" being, very literally, his only qualification for the office.

For a few days William sat in a narrow and fetid room with a filthy window, on a rickety bench, with six of his compeers and a tattered horn-book, and counted up to twenty after his bleary-eyed preceptor; or was birched by him with a bunch of hazel twigs—indifferently for nothing or for playing or fighting with his neighbor, and, one hot summer afternoon, for falling backwards over the bench, asleep.

After that, he wisely played truant: rode astride on the milestone, which

did duty for Master Dick's white pony: had again the free run of stream and common: all nature his kingdom: "night and day, brother, both sweet things: sun, moon and star, brother, all sweet things." Only, to enjoy them fully, one must not only see, but observe; and observation is taught. A very few physical facts did write themselves—after constant reiteration—on William's mind: hereafter, when he gave rare utterance to an opinion on Nature, or a prophecy of rain or sunshine, he was seldom wrong.

The winter after his education—for it was all he ever had—famine and typhus stalked into Bendham, claiming, among many others, his two brothers, and giving William, at seven, an awful, close familiarity with disease and death.

Presently, the Hall and the Rectory provided free, daily, great cauldrons of a nourishing soup.

Little William kept a memory of himself and his sisters greedily licking up that savory mess, and the parents sitting by, not tasting; suspicious, with the deep suspicion of ignorance, of a food of which they knew not the form nor the constituents—which William's father, in fact, designated as "hog's-wash."

Well, his father's son had found out by necessity and experience that hogs sometimes feed better than men.

In the spring, presently, in Farmer George's field, there was a little scarecrow of a tatterdemalion boy, with his unkempt thatch of hair over his eyes, and naked feet, scaring birds off the turnip-seed; and then the rooks from the peas. By some miracle, even starvation and neglect had left William a sturdy child, with nothing about him of the nervous, puny weakling of the slums: a slow and tranquil child—as Nature is tranquil and slow—and, as not having the wit to invent wickedness, or to try to do anything clever,

reliable to do what he had been told.

The land, to be bitterly scanty of reward to him all his life, presented him now with two weekly pennies; and sometimes the farmer's wife, who had that expensive endowment, a compassionate heart, called him into her kitchen, and, keeping his rags and filth at a prudent distance, gave him food, which he stuffed into his mouth with his fingers, and then licked round the plate like a dog.

Once, watching him from that safe distance, she said, "How many on you do there be at home now?" William made cheerful answer, "There's two on us dead"; and when she pursued, "And how old may you be?" replied, in a phrase he often used in after-life, finding it useful as saving arithmetic, "I be two years younger than Master Dick. I allers wos."

From the bird-scaring he was promoted to weeding the wheat, and then to leading a single horse at harrowing barley.

Cobbett so employed—Cobbett, with his shrewd, trenchant intellect, his forceful character, and his boundless self-satisfaction—found therefrom a way to rise. "Put such a man as that," said Huxley, of a more glittering personality, "in the middle of a moor, with nothing on but his shirt, and you could not prevent him from being anything he liked."

But, for the exceptions, legislators need not legislate: they will arrange for themselves.

Young William remained, as one observer, who saw the English poor of that epoch "through a Claude Lorraine glass," apparently thought it very well he should remain for ever, "patient, ignorant, and laborious as the wagon horses" he tended.

When he and the century had entered their fifteenth year, there were grand doings in Bendham to celebrate Waterloo.

Until Bony was, as it were, materialized into a dinner, with speech-making and as much beer as anyone wanted (which naturally meant more than anybody ought to have), that famous personage was to William an abstraction and a bogey—as far, or farther, off than “Lunnon,” and as meaningless.

But after July 1815 he took the form of a great table in one of Farmer George's fields, laden with good things, with Sir Richard at one end—a tall, spare man, with a hook nose not unlike “the Duke's,” was Sir Richard—and the Parson at the other, carving the great barons of beef: while William himself sat with a dozen other farm lads, delightedly anticipating the rare and delightful discomfort of having had too much to eat. If he had no more been taught table manners than the pigs are taught them, yet he had now, as he had all his life, the natural good manners which consist in being perfectly simple and truthful, with the unconscious tact of a kindly heart.

When Sir Richard came up and talked to him (if he did not, according to modern standards, know how to treat the serf, he at least knew how to speak to him) and recognized the gate-opener of the common of a few years before, says William, “How be Master Dick?” and, informed that he was just leaving Eton for Oxford—the names conveyed nothing at all to William's mind—finished cheerfully with that favorite statement, “I be two years younger than Master Dick. I allers wos.”

After the dinner came sports and tea-drinking. There was at least enough food at the two meals to have provisioned the village, generously, for a week: the village, however, much preferring to being so provisioned, a feast which constituted a landmark in the eternal drab monotony of its harsh life—while William himself dated many

things from what he spoke of, in a useful, collective substantive, as “Bony's-party.”

The war was over: but the price of it not yet paid. In the black winter of 1815-16 even William, taking his glass at the alehouse out of his scant but now regular earnings, heard garbled accounts from the Ely district of starved laborers found frozen to death in the ditches; of a vague and smouldering rage with such conditions, which burst presently into the flames of the burning ricks, into robbery, plunder, and violence.

In a general way, William's interests were, all his life, confined exclusively (as is the case with many persons considering themselves both educated and enlightened) to the place in which he lived: the death of a cow in the next field was naturally of more moment to him than the demise of a world-shaking potentate at St. Helena; and he had only included the little country town of Saxenbridge in his range of interest now that he sometimes drove cattle there to the market, and had once combined that market with a fair and a cheap-jack.

But Ely was made real by the fact that the only man at the alehouse who could read, came from it: not a man who listened to him, as he stumbled over the long words in the news-sheet, but had himself found hunger so constant a reality that he had an anxious, personal interest in its brother, starvation.

Young William put down his mug of beer, spilling a little, to listen better: some bolder spirit gave voice, strangely mildly, to the incontrovertible truth, “You can't live on what they pays—not to call it live.” Silence brooded. Some one spat thoughtfully. Says some one else, “You didn't ought to have to live on it, that's where it be”; and William, taking a pull at his tankard, had received, not certainly a bap-

tism of "divine discontent," but a first slight disturbance of the constitutional apathy, the eternal patience to wait his turn, which made the laborer for generations the despair of the agitator and a negligible and neglected quantity to his rulers.

A little later, when the Bendham ale-house received, as it were, the confirmation of its fixed conviction that protest was worse than useless, in the news of the trial of the rioters and the execution of five of them, the bold spirit muttered something of its being a shame. With the rest, William said nothing at all; the next morning went to his work as usual; put into it all his strength; slept; began afresh; and the world rolled on as before.

When he was about seventeen—he had, of course, long since been a lodger in the parental hovel—his mother died; one sister went to decent service in a farm; the other, to the town and the devil: and then his father died also.

The farm laborer had at least as "little leisure for grief" as Hood's sempstress. That William had loved mother and father as well, or even a little better than, under his conditions, writer and reader would have loved theirs, is most likely true; but he had no time to realize loss, as, all his life, he had no time to enjoy affection.

In the steel gray dawn of one icy morning, having fumbled for flint and tinder, dragged on his clothes and his ankle-boots as usual, he left his father dead where the day before he had left him ill to death, muttering incoherently, cold, neglected, yet—wonderful are the mercies of the poor to the poor—not quite neglected, for the many-childed neighbor from next door looked in now and again and did her rough best.

That night William came back, as he nearly always came back, past feeling much save physical fatigue; ate;

slept on the wooden chair by the hearth, and, at night, in the bed of rotten straw, sound and deep, by the dead man's side.

By now, from the tatterdemalion boy, he had become a loutish young man, with the open freckled face, blue eyes and wide mouth speaking kindness, honesty, and the profound simplicity of intellect which is not foolishness; and had slowly and thoroughly acquired the art of the ploughman.

Everything is easy till it be attempted; but let the townsman try to plough a straight line and an even furrow, and turn at the end of it with a pair of horses, and he will have much more respect for "the hind, the chaw-bacon, the clodhopper" than he ever had in his life; while, having almost certainly fallen into the usual fault of the amateur, and tried to do his business too fast and too hard, he will see wisdom and economy of strength, and no longer laziness and stupidity, in the leisureliness of Hodge's methods; and that "*Surtout, messieurs, pas de zèle*" is advice as valuable in agriculture as in diplomacy.

But for one thing, Fulcher's life at this period might have been even an enviable one. All that God had given, behold, it was very good! The beauty of the coming year and the going; the fresh, strong air to quiet the nerves; the lusty strength of health and young manhood. Sometimes, at those pauses in his work, he would look up from the furrow and watch the fleecy clouds sailing across the clear blue of the spring sky, and the hedgerows trembling into green, without admiration, yet with the physical sensation in his blood that it was well the winter was past; and when it came again, and the bleak north-easter bit sky and landscape to ashen gray, he felt in his body the cruelty of bitter cold to the ill-fed and housed, but not in his imagination or his soul. When the frost nipped,

It was always the Parson, stout and well clad, who shivered and called out as he passed, "Hard weather, Fulcher!"—and Fulcher who looked up with his calm, pleasant eye to reply philosophically that it was a bit seasonable; while, as he rode back on mild evenings from his work, sideways on one of the plough horses (it is only in poems and pictures ploughmen homeward plod their weary way, as in real life they are always aback the horse, wearily plodding his) he whistled cheerfully, as if to give his rulers and masters a ground for believing he was really lucky in so completely escaping the responsibilities of wealth.

He naturally proved to them the wisdom of Heaven in denying him superfluity by spending such as he got, at harvesting season, at the alehouse. He was not now, or ever, drunken. But he knew no other place and means of obtaining cheerfulness and recreation. In point of fact, there were no others. So he sat perforce in the sanded bar parlor, with its rude benches and its red curtains; liked the sound of the jokes, even when he did not understand them; and lumbered off when he had spent his all, feeling, let the temperance reformer say what he will, a sense of well-being, comfortable, better.

There were plenty of dull brutes round him who staggered back to ill-treat wife and children. Fulcher had himself a very kind heart: the Turners' children—eight of them, in steps (he lodged now with the neighbor who had befriended his father)—roused in him no impatience when they clung about him and fell over his boots when he sat, dog-tired, of an evening in the chimney-corner. Once, for the least of them, at a fair in Saxenbridge, he bought a penny toy—and to estimate the real cost of that gift to the giver one must live on Fulcher's wage and have no luxury in the world but a pint of beer.

The dumb things were his friends too, though the constant brutality of the drovers at the cattle market roused him to no protest, because he protested only at the last extremity. His plough horses—much more intelligent, surely, than any luxury horse, as if they knew they had to earn their livings by their brains—were his friends: turned at the psychological moment, at the psychological point at the end of the furrow, in obedience to a mysterious sound in his throat—whereas uninitiated persons might have cleared their throats indefinitely, and still have thrown the plough on its side and been themselves thrown in the ditch—and looked up at him with their patient eyes, not very unlike his own.

Once, a lean wayfaring dog followed him home. But he had to destroy it: the children quarrelled with it for its food.

But, through all and in everything, the one great fundamental wrong of the agricultural laborer's life ruined it all—the wage he was paid.

Yet Fulcher was more fortunate than many. This was the time when, in not a few villages of southern England, men "tolled like slaves for sixpence a day." When the usual wage of an unmarried man seldom exceeded four shillings or four and sixpence a week, and the married reared a family of eight or nine children on as many shillings, with the degrading assistance of the old Poor Law, it would have been wonderful indeed if Cobbett's young stonebreaker, who, asked how he lived upon half a crown a week, replied, "I don't live upon it: I poach," had been an isolated example.

All round Bendham were abundantly stocked preserves of game, belonging mostly to Sir Richard, and so well laid with man-traps and spring-guns that, like another great landowner, he might have "feared to set foot in any

of his own plantations, lest he should leave it behind him."

Already in the *Edinburgh Review* Sydney Smith was bringing to bear his brilliant batteries of wit and sarcasm against those "diabolical engines," and had arraigned such preservers of game as "those who have no objection to preserve the lives of their fellow creatures also, if both can exist at the same time. . . if not, the least worthy of God's creatures must fall—the rustic without a soul—not the Christian partridge—not the immortal pheasant—not the rational woodcock or the accountable hare."

But though he killed the abuse, it was not killed outright.

If William Fulcher had not long known the taste of game he would certainly have starved; and on one particularly cruel winter of cold and sickness, Turner, his landlord, took out his gun, night after night: the lodger sat and ate gratefully of a savory mess, until one dark day when, greatly moved and trembling, he himself brought the news that one Morse, a neighbor, had been caught in a trap in the Squire's grounds and was like to die.

Turner said hoarsely, "It's seven years, if he don't."

The wife sat with her coarse tongue frightened to silence; William, with awestruck eyes; and after that, for many nights, bread and potatoes, potatoes and bread, the water from the pond on black crusts (which infamous decoction was called tea), succeeded each other in a monotony that sickened and starved; till the memory of Morse became dim, and dimmer. Turner was out again at nights; once more William experienced the strangely agreeable sensation of being nearly filled; his homely face and sturdy peasant form filled out a little; and his dull world rolled on.

On a certain hot September day in

the harvesting, when he was about three-and-twenty, Fate placed his fate near him in the field: and a great beer-cask being always part of its furniture, and the horn going the round of the workers generously, he presently found her broad face, with its healthy complexion, sandy hair, and wide mouth, with the great gaps among the strong teeth, things attractive.

Ann Cripps was about twenty, and had already the history a village girl was likely to have when she was brought up with ten brothers and sisters in a two-roomed cottage; received her sole education at a Sunday school (which suddenly expired, when she was about ten); and was under the temptation of that Poor Law which, true to its general system of making it more profitable for everyone to be worthless than worthy, gave the unmarried mother eighteenpence a week for each illegitimate child, and let the virtuous woman starve as she pleased.

Ann was certainly not a bad girl; but her moral nature had never been roused. She was intellectually very limited; the public opinion around her was so low that her fault was hardly regarded by her neighbors, or by herself, as a fault at all; so William accepted it and the child, who was not his child, almost as a matter of course.

Colin and Phyllis: the Faithful Shepherdess, with her crook, dallying with Strephon in verse and roses; the village maiden of the pastoral, all blushing modesty, and innocence, and the village rustic, stalwart emblem of virtuous content—they were as far from the truth in the England of 1825, as the fan figures of Watteau and Boucher were far from representing the peasantry of France before the Revolution!

William's courting took the form solely of an occasional brief walk in the summer evenings, in entire silence, with his arm round Ann's perfectly

square waist, while to her rare and clumsy attempts at coquetry he responded by neither word nor sign. Yet, all the same, dimly, he was not unhappy: it was Nature that bade him mate, so he mated. Since he could not look forward to years of well-paid energies, to children well fed and well placed, and then to that "rest after toyle" which "greatly pleases," it was fortunate that he foresaw nothing beyond the fact that he wanted Ann, and would have her.

As for waiting to be married till marriage was prudent, if that had been the custom of his class, it would have been extinct long ago.

In point of fact, his circumstances were unusually favorable. Farmer George, who was a good master, and rightly valued Fulcher's solid diligence and faithfulness, in the local phrase, "heigh'ned" his wages to the full nine shillings a week. The two-roomed hovel on the common, in which he had been born, was, luckily or unluckily, at the moment to be let, at a rent in itself absurdly low, but, for what it offered, or failed to offer, tragically high. But if there were any laws to oblige a landlord to mend his thatch and divert a filthy stream from the pigsty without from meandering at will over the living-room floor, William had never heard of them, and had neither the intelligence nor the position to enforce them if he had.

Out of her savings—no use to pretend that the illegitimacy of the child was not an advantage and a source of profit to her—Ann had bought a bed; and Master Dick, providentially taking to himself a wife at the time of this humbler marriage, generously started it with an eight-day clock, a table, four chairs, and one of those cottage dressers since become fashionable and valuable. Until these objects, in turn, found their way to what was still the poor man's best-used savings bank, the

pawnshop, they did give William a real, though unecstatic, pleasure: he sat and contemplated them of an evening, and felt comfortable, and perhaps might have enjoyed them longer, but that Ann was of an easy temperament, and did not worry herself, or him, over doing as all their neighbors did, and as, had she been thrifty and careful, they must inevitably have done too, only not quite so soon.

The village festivities which celebrated the return of Master Dick—now Sir Richard, his father having died in the winter—from his honeymoon, took place three days after Fulcher's wedding; there were the long tables and the sunshine, as in the Waterloo celebrations, and much plenty and cheerfulness. Master Dick, a slighter man in every respect than his father—old Sir Richard, with his eagle face and keen eye, had had plenty of brain and character—brought the sweet-faced girl he had married to speak to Ann and her husband. Ann was so taken up in observing my lady's silken pelisse and the fineness of her straw bonnet as to be incapable of any responses but the most idiotic; Fulcher answered, straight and simple, with his wide grin, and long pauses for consideration.

All his life he felt Master Dick his friend, and liked him—ay, when he filched his pheasants, and Sir Richard's "barley-fed hares" cropped close William's wretched garden.

The Parson joined the group presently—a well-to-do person, good for a bottle of port and a florin when the poor were ill, and as likely to get at the root of the misery and immorality, the vile housing and viler system of Poor Law pauperization which obtained in his parish, as to pay the National Debt.

He ignored Ann's early misadventure; it was the only thing to do; so Mr. and Mrs. Fulcher quite enjoyed the marriage festivities, which closed, as

nearly all such rural rejoicings closed, in too much beer; dusk crept, and with it the things which love darkness better than light; and the Claude Lorraine landscape—the hovels with their bright creepers, the dancing to the playing of a fiddle, the strolling couples, the smock-frocked gaffers, still at the tables with their pewters before them—seen close, needed Hogarth.

The first few years of William's marriage were, comparatively considered, fortunate. Ann was a strong woman, and quick child-bearings did not soon wear out, as in the case of William's mother, her health and spirit. As for William, the immense patience of his nature—learnt of that Mother-Nature with whom most of his waking hours were spent—enabled him to bear contentedly, as he had borne at the Turners', tiresome little creatures pulling and playing when he took his evening's rest in the corner. He accommodated the ex-baby with a finger to help a tooth through; Fred, the child who was not his child, had recognized in him a dumb friend from the first; in fact, it was Ann who clouted her son on the side of his head when anything, quite other than himself, had annoyed her, as she shrilled abuse at the infant who had straggled into the garden and become painfully mixed in a gooseberry-bush—neither William, nor Fred, nor the infant, taking the abuse as any evidence of ill-will; or, in fact, any notice of it at all.

The old hovel was very evil smelling, with the dirt of neglected years creeping on its walls, and no window that opened. But with William before its door of a summer evening, with his children about him, with his pipe, his calmly pleasant eye, the little patch of bright and tangled garden before him, and the rose that climbed and bloomed on the little house, as if it rejoiced in neglect, All's-Well-with-the-World would have seen confirmation of his optimism

and the theory, that, with thrift and contentment, nine shillings a week is really enough after all.

Every day, wet and shine, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, year in, year out, boy and man, William went to his hard and monotonous, but not distasteful, work.

The only holidays in his year, except Sundays, were, as they are now, the half-days on Christmas Day and Good Friday. Twice in a dozen years he went to a ploughing match: twice as often to a fair. On Sunday morning, partly from habit, partly because Ann wanted him out of the way while she cooked the one dinner of the week, he took Janey, his eldest born, the mile and a half over the fields to Bendham Church.

He was very fond of Janey, a little white-faced thing with a hooked grown-up nose, and a way of asking grown-up questions much beyond William to answer. He did not answer. They just trudged on in silence till Janey's sticks of legs grew tired, when he carried her. Sometimes they were a full half-hour late in arriving, which did not disturb them. Fulcher liked the cheerful discordance of the music in the gallery: the monotonous duet of the reading of the Psalms: on Christmas morning, the cheerful sprigs of holly stuck in the holes in the pews. The Rector was an able man and preached well. For all his rustic audience understood, he might have preached in Arabic.

Had Fulcher been capable of fixing his mind on what he heard, the Divine promises of the New Testament, in their noble simplicity of language, would possibly have warmed his soul; but attention is taught, and he had never been taught anything. While, if he had, "The meek shall inherit the earth," "Blessed are the poor," "He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent empty away,"

might not have seemed particularly credible: for one argues the unseen from the seen, and there was Master Dick, well warmed, well clothed, in a handsome pew with its stove and curtains, my lady in her furs and silks, and, put to stand on the seat to get a view of things in general, *their* little Janey—fat, soft, and pretty.

The other Janey, with her eerie white face almost lost in the depths of Ann's old bonnet and wrapped in Ann's ragged shawl, liked to look at Miss in her cozy pelisse. The ragged children, pressing their noses against the toy-shop window, certainly feel pleasure in, as well as envy of, the unobtainable; and the portly grays and green chariot, with the coachman and footman waiting Sir Richard without, did mysteriously convey something like vicarious satisfaction to William's mind. As he trudged slowly back over the fields, carrying Janey, he had at least no anger in his soul against God or man.

By 1830 the old Poor Law—which a French observer described as "the great political gangrene of England"—had so poisoned and undermined the independence of the working classes that one man in every seven was a pauper. When, in the words of the Poor Law Commissioners of 1834, it could be said that, under it, "the most worthless were sure of something, while the prudent, the industrious, the sober . . . obtained *only something*": when Sydney Smith declared the system to be one which "relaxed the sinews of industry" and taught the poor "to depend on the Justices of the Peace for every human want"—that the proportion was *but* one in seven proves how hard it is even for bad laws utterly to corrupt the good that is in man.

Though it was so fatally easy and tempting to apply at the "Parish Pay Table" for the shilling or eighteenpence a head which the Justices allotted at will from the pockets of the ratepayers

for each child a poor man possessed, it was to the credit of Fulcher's honesty, if not of his sharpness, that he preferred the independence of his most wretched wage; and when Ann—the easy temper sharpening under privation and a new baby once a year—muttered as how "they'd be a deal better off if they didn't hold their heads too high," he seemed not to hear.

Presently ailing Janey, whom he loved better than he knew, and a hundred times better than he knew how to express, was really ill. My lady at the Hall had started a Sunday school in the village, and something humanized the poor little barbarians who came under her care. The eerie white face, and the elderly nose and manner, made poor Janey notable among them. After my lady gave up the school—she had the cares of her own young family and was a very delicate woman—she came sometimes to Fulcher's cottage with gifts and kindness; but if Janey, already coughing in the decline of which she died, was not then taken to be a source of infection, a disease from which two of the infants suffered was so recognized, and the apothecary from Saxenbridge advised my lady to come no more.

Every evening now Fulcher trudged to the Hall, with that lumbering tread which was the result not only of his own boots, but of all his forebears having worn such boots before him, for soup and new milk: always, when asked, said rather cheerfully, "She's a bit easier," and, the wish being father to the thought, perhaps believed it so.

Every evening when he came back from work, the child sat for hours on his knee, coughing her soul away. All night long, in the full, fetid room, under the dripping thatch, the cough kept the parents awake; the last baby wailed and woke the last but one; and in the black dawn, as usual, Fulcher stumbled to his feet, found flint and

tinder, drew on boots and clothes heavy with yesterday's wet and mire, and went forth to his labor.

One night, when he came back from it, Janey was dead.

He sat in the chimney-corner heavily as usual, and silent, without the accustomed burden on his knee. When Ann—not in the least heartless—said, "Maybe, we'll get a bit of sleep to-night," he assented, as to a fact; and in a few days, while Fulcher tended a sick lamb, for they were short-handed at the farm, and he had not expected to be spared from his work, the parish put Janey away in her unmarked grave.

After her death, the invalid gifts from the Hall and the half-crowns of which the Rectory had been generous, naturally stopped. Then there was the usual new baby; poor Ann was longer than usual in getting about; and a neighbor, who had to be paid something for her pains, saw to the family.

When Ann was better she was greatly querulous: the eternal diet of bread and tea, potatoes and ditch-water, went against her stomach. Why couldn't her man do as other men did? There was Turner's gun, which could be loaned: they were starving, and might starve, for all William cared! She dropped from abuse to nagging, and Fulcher, staring at the sagging fire of stolen faggots, muttered a something she took as refusal, and an incentive to start again.

Then, one dark autumn night, as Ann watched him—herself suddenly silent—he went out without a word.

When wheat stood at £5 or £6 the quarter, and all over the country—calling, inviting—the great preserves of the landowners, still protected by what Sydney Smith called "the abominable injustice of the Game Laws," but no longer by man-traps and spring-guns, it was most natural that it should be figuratively, if not literally, true that

"for every ten pheasants which fluttered in the wood one English peasant was rotting in gaol."

The memory of Morse had faded, and the present need was urgent.

Fulcher, for ever ashamed to beg, not only bore the landlord he was robbing no grudge, but, with half the poachers of that age, could never have been convinced that poaching was robbery at all. In the lottery of life Master Dick had won a prize and Fulcher a blank: reverse the order, and Fulcher, right or wrong, never thought but that, as he did, Master Dick would do; for the excellent reason of "needs must."

Once or twice, in the pleasant summer evenings, Sir Richard met him, returning from his work, and walked half a mile by his side, talking pleasantly. That afternoon Ann had received a visit and a new shawl from my lady. "She do speak pleasant to you, she do," says Ann, describing the occasion; and that night—after a mess with a loud, savory smell—Fulcher took his gun as usual (and no shame to himself), and went forth to replenish the pot.

"The matter of seditions," said Lord Bacon, "is of two kinds; much poverty and much discontentment"; what he called the "rebellions of the belly" are, in all history, the sole rebellions of the English agricultural laborer, who never stirs till he starves, and, God help him, not always then.

Fulcher had done, with impunity, as other men did, for a matter of five or six years, when one luckless night, chiefly through normal slowness of mind, weighted by unusual slowness of movement, engendered by rheumatism, he was caught red-handed; and, with the picture of Morse's fate restored in all its horrible crude colors in his mind, was taken to the Ipswich Assizes.

In 1830 offences under the Game Laws were habitually tried by a bench of "sporting justices," to whom poach-

ing was indeed "the seven deadly sins rolled into one." There is hardly anything more pitiable in all the piteous records of the Criminal Law in that generation—the law which, if it no longer "fenced every gooseberry-bush with gibbets," caught the young delinquent so young that there were boy convicts who "could hardly put on their clothes, they had to be dressed"—than the appearance of such as Fulcher before the justice which is no respecter of persons.

No respecter of persons! In all his life Fulcher had never been further than Saxonbridge. The long drive to Ipswich would, even under the most favorable conditions, have been an agitating excitement: under the conditions in which he took it—after twenty-four hours without sleep, with Ann's loud lamentations in his ear—he was wholly bewildered, with his slow faculties perfectly useless to him; while, after a few weeks of the bad food and rough treatment always meted to those who might, after all, be soon proved to have deserved them, when he appeared, undefended by counsel, before accusers of a much higher social class than himself—well-dressed, well-fed, well-educated, capable men of the world—he might well be as a sheep before her shearers is dumb.

Yet he was helped by his very simplicity, and the piteous, evident fact that, deceived by his bland manner, he took the counsel for the prosecution for a friend, "licked the hand just raised to shed his blood," looked up with the pleasant blue eye—an honest eye always—and said "Thank'ee, sir," in gratitude for so much urbanity, and for having been led into every verbal gin and damned the deeper by his every Yea and Nay.

Old Farmer George, who paid him his starvation wage and was but very obscurely to blame that he paid him no better, testified, not unmoved, to the

sober, diligent, and faithful character he had borne.

"Times are very hard for the poor, gentlemen, very hard," he said, with a break in his voice; "I hope as you'll consider that."

But perhaps it was not so much that which they considered, for times had so long been hard for the poor that it seemed natural they always should be, as—honest gentlemen that they were—their own inevitable bias against the class of offender and of offence they were appointed to judge, and, perhaps, the fiercely drastic nature of the punishment they must needs mete out if they found the prisoner guilty. "Innocent: but let this be a warning to you not to do it again!" was, practically, the verdict Fulcher and many another obtained in that day.

When he returned to Bendham, he found Ann and the children necessarily on the parish; but the doles from the rates had been helped by other doles, regularly and anonymously administered. Ann said, in a hoarse whisper, "It's her at the Hall, I believe it be her!" and when Fulcher was back at work, intermittently, the doles came still.

That great experience of his life left him, at thirty, an aged and, in some sort, a broken man. The quality of his labor was no longer what it had been; the mind worked more slowly and painfully, and was duller to impressions. That some of his old friends were afraid to be seen with the fool who had been nabbed, as if the complaint were catching, and that Master Dick's former friendship was replaced by a studied avoidance, did not trouble him to resentment.

When, later on, a Chartist agitator came down and tried to stir Bendham to a sense of its own rights and the wrongs inflicted by the governing classes, Fulcher, with the rest of the alehouse, listened, spat, drank the ale,

"stood" by the speaker, and was but slightly impressed.

The misery in his own home was, in fact, an incentive to rebellion stronger than all speeches: and incited him even to the rebellion of the poacher, no more. There was no savory mess cooking in the pot over the fire now; but the boy Fred was earning something; now and again Farmer George gave Ann some stone-picking; and to all their sufferings the sufferers were well accustomed.

No need "to pity the goose that she goes barefoot," or to deny that Sir Richard and my lady, if they had changed places with Fulcher and Ann, would, with their sensitive nerves, their power of contrast, and of dreadfully foreseeing the future, have suffered worse than the Fulchers ever suffered. But dull imagination and the fact that one has never been easy, will never make it anything but hard to be "Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep."

At thirty, Ann was an old woman, with hardly any of the gleaming row of strong teeth left, and the high red cheekbones looking sometimes as if they would pierce the cheek; often coarse of speech and greatly irritable of temper; managing badly, doubtless, that wretched wage which persons who have never had to manage on it always think they would manage well; never having any relaxation except a visit to the alehouse or a gossip with a neighbor—at a time, of course, when she ought to have been attending to her family, because it sorely needed her attention at all times.

Fulcher grew more and more silent as the years went on: sometimes, as he sat of an evening in the chimney-corner, mending the children's boots or holding the youngest on his knee, he spoke not a word for hours: Ann's loud

abuse of life, of himself, or a neighbor, he seemed not to hear; when she bade him, he stumbled to bed and slept, as ever, soon and deep.

What did he think of? Perhaps consciously nothing. In the summer evenings sometimes he worked at the patch of garden, as energetically as a man is likely to work after a twelve hours' day in his employer's service. "The improvement of something we can call our own" has been said to be one of the truest of human enjoyments. Well, there was nothing Fulcher could call his own. He held his hovel, of course, on a weekly tenure; he had no interest in the land on which he had labored but the interest of an hireling; and there was no place on it for him, save six feet of the churchyard at last.

Ann's death was the immeasurable calamity the death of the poor man's wife always is—unless she has been hopelessly and completely bad. Somehow—the squeamish and the particular had better not ask how—Fulcher and Fred between them "did for" the hapless family: they grew up and went into the world, and the story of Fulcher's children was, almost in gray facsimile, the story of his brothers and sisters.

By now, his own working powers were greatly decayed; even old Farmer George could no longer give him regular employment; but he got a day here and a day there, and somehow existed and kept a roof above his head. The red thatch of hair was gray, and at five-and-forty he was old.

Presently Fred got regular employment in a distant village, and repaid the simple kindness of the father, who was not his father, by sending regularly some portion of his wage.

Sometimes still, from old habit, Fulcher went to church of a Sunday morning; nodded under the discourses of a new Parson; liked, as of old, the cheerful noise of trombone, flute, and

fiddle in the west gallery, and the thin winter sunshine that fell on his head through the unstained window.

The great Reform Bill, rich in promises of millennium, was on the Statute Book; and the agricultural laborer still toiled late and early for the same wretched pittance. The new reign began—the beginning, men said, of a new earth and heaven—but not for him! His bed of rotten straw on a clay floor—for the bride-bed, which was part of Ann's dower, had been quickly pawned—had so encouraged the rheumatic affection of the limbs that necessary work was painful, and unnecessary walking a torture not to be dreamed of. So, since he could no longer get to the August lamb-fair, or the cheerfulness of market day in Saxenbridge, the Bendham alehouse was his only pleasure; and the moralists might have grudged it him with a better grace if they had provided any other.

The "wholesome surgery" of the new Poor Law, which put the knife to the root of the tumor of indiscriminate Outdoor Relief, had added a fresh terror to the lives it would save. If one has lived very hard, it is not so hard to die. But to die in the Poor House—that gaunt prison for the world's failures, for the victim, innocent and guilty, of its social laws!

When, not far from Bendham, the great new Union for the district was erected, the villagers stole out by night and demolished the brickwork set up in the day: not long since there were still visible the loopholes for the musketry which had to be employed to prevent them.

Be sure, grim stories of the "House" circulated with the coarse ale at the "Feathers." To Fulcher's unimaginative mind, as to many others, the Thing became a black fear and an oppression: something awful and shapeless that brooded near when Fred could not send the weekly gift, or Farmer George

wanted the odd man but two days in the week: something which stood by his bed at night, and was first remembered in the morning.

Then came one black winter, followed by one of those "smiling hypocrites of Mays," which laid Fulcher by, weakened by extraordinary cold and his ordinary diet, in the first serious illness of his life. My lady, now an invalid on her sofa, sent comforts; the Parson gave money; the neighbors, great and ignorant kindness. The Shadow crept nearer; and Fulcher got up again and struggled to his work.

Harvesting brought temporarily better times. Then a new winter set in, fierce and early; Fred was ill, and his money stopped; a letter, written by Bendham's only "scholar," failed to reach the one of Fulcher's daughters who was less worse off than the others, or at least had no reply; and a low fever followed the famine. For a little while real generosity on Sir Richard's part and his influence with the authorities beat the Shadow back: then it stepped out of the darkness where he had long known it in ambush, laid its chill hand on the sick man's shoulder, and said "Come with me."

The overseer was coarse and rough rather than wilfully brutal. Every law of sanitation and decency demanded Fulcher's removal from that place where, if such laws had not been always flagrantly violated, he and his children could never have been born and reared. But, such as it was, it was his all; and it was freedom. He clung to it with the physical clinging of his poor horny hands; gasped, if they would give him a week he would be well again and get to his work; implored, with strong cryings and tears.

* * * * *

In that dreaded Place—ill-kept, ill-lit, ill-warmed, and very ill-managed—where the half-witted girls dragged their illegitimate children across the

dirty floor; where there was everywhere the sour smell of neglect and poverty; where the foul infirmary, in charge of mumbling old paupers, drunk on every chance, engendered the disease it never cured; in company with the wastrel, the derelict, and the thief, too clever or too foolish to be in prison instead, Fulcher received the reward of his labors. Yet he had been in the main an honest man; but for impossible conditions, a perfectly honest man; but for the laws under which he lived, self-supporting to the end.

First, from his neglected bed in the infirmary, he hated all the Place: a sullen shame that he should be there clouded the frankness of his eyes: when the surgeon, a Bendham man, paid his rare visit, the other Bendham man turned his head, and pretended to be asleep.

But by the time he was better, and had left the infirmary for the workhouse yard, still greatly crippled with rheumatism, he was getting used; the simple cheerful smile came back sometimes: and as his companions—the other feeble-bodied paupers, bleary-eyed old men, the hopeless wreckage and driftwood of the world, and a few honest laborers—had long ceased to be ashamed, he ceased to be ashamed also.

They would stroll backwards and forwards in the cold sunshine and the keen wind, sometimes for hours; or sit looking on the ground, scarcely speaking, on the dilapidated bench by the wall.

Presently, out of apathy and silence, Fulcher came to take a faint interest in the senile grumblings against the Master it was everybody's perquisite to hate: at last joined in them, and lent a slow ear, with his hand to it, to a whispering of coarse scandal against the Mistress. Once in a blue moon, some one got hold of a dirty newspaper, and spelt out, most imperfectly, a very little news of what stirred beyond the

gates. But it was everyone's tragedy that all his world was within them.

Once, Fred came to see his benefactor—Fred, by some super-human means, become almost well-to-do. He had not very much to say, and Fulcher had less. Fred mentioned one of Fulcher's daughters on whom he had chanced. Fulcher hardly seemed to remember her, and to be feebly interested. When Fred had gone, he sat in the yard as usual: very dimly perhaps some picture of his old life—Janey, the common with the gorse, and the sighing of the wind in the fir trees—came back to him; faded; and there was the workhouse yard, and the senile old paupers blinking in the thin sunshine.

Day after day, month after month, year after year—then the Master resigned, and a better took his place: improvements were made in the internal economy of the "House," a good deal resented by Fulcher and his friends, as they resented all changes.

Once, in a sickly season of influenza, Fulcher was ill, and in the infirmary—foul no more, but a most comfortless, depressing place—with very slender attentions and chances, and the surgeon, in a great hurry once a week, struggled back to life: while in the great house, of the same complaint, surrounded by care and science, Sir Richard died.

And for Fulcher, once more—day after day, week after week, year after year—the dead routine.

Then he was ill again, and the nurse, a decent woman, said to the surgeon that she thought No. 8 bed would be free again to-morrow, for old Fulcher would hardly live through the night.

He heard, and was not disturbed. Nurse had been kind, and he had said "Thank'ee" when she tended him—when the other old wretches had grumbled or sworn. He did not think about life or death, as he lay through the night, and

watched the flickering reflection of the tallow dip on the ceiling, and nurse snored, and the old boy in the next

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bed groaned. He did not think at all. And the next day No. 8 bed was free: for old Fulcher had died in the night.

S. G. Tallentyre.

OUR ALTY.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL).

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I'm sorry to say, my dear," announced Mrs. Fazackerly, wagging her head portentously as Alty entered, "as I've a bit o' bad news for ye."

Mrs. Fazackerly's large face belled her words however. It was creased with smiles, and the eyes were twinkling. Before she could complete her revelation, or mystification, as the case might be, she was as usual overtaken by one of her spasmodic attacks, and sat coughing and shaking her head, and wiping her eyes and occasionally gurgling with laughter, while Alty awaited further enlightenment.

"Eh, no need to look so downcast," she observed, when at length she had recovered her breath. "I was but havin' a bit of a joke. There, 'tis nothin' worse nor that John has been called away Ormskirk side on business, and cannot be back before tea-time."

"Oh, is that it?" rejoined Alty, in a dull voice. "Mun we get agate o' takin' down they curtains this mornin'?"

"Ah, do," agreed Mrs. Fazackerly heartily, "and get rings off and look 'em over so as they'll be ready for Monday's wash. It mustn't be a case of all play and no work, ye know."

Here she shook her head archly, and by a strong effort checked an inclination to relapse.

"I believe ye enjoyed yourselves yesterday," she added, in a husky whisper.

"Yes, 'twas a lovely day," returned Alty. "Can Maggie come with me now?"

"Maggie!" commanded Mrs. Fazackerly imperiously, finishing the order by

a nod of the head and jerk of the thumb, which saved superfluous words.

Alty, who had taken off her hat, now proceeded to invest herself with her blue pinafore; the old woman eyeing her the while and taking note of her unusual silence. When she had come to the last button and turned to follow Maggie out of the room Mrs. Fazackerly called her back.

"No need to be so downcast, my wench, he'll not be long, John won't, and he were taken-to hissel'. He got a telegraph, ye see. 'Be sure and tell Alty,' he says, 'as I had to go. But I'll be back by tea-time,' he says. I reckon he knowed you'd be a bit disappointed-like at arter yesterday."

Alty tossed her head and marched out of the kitchen, leaving Mrs. Fazackerly gazing after her in surprise and some indignation.

"Lasses get a bit above themselves nowadays," she remarked. "'Tis silly of you to be opset at what the lad can't help."

But Alty made no rejoinder beyond a quickening of her pace.

A sniff behind her made the old woman suddenly turn her head, and she noticed that Jinny, who had entered from the back kitchen, was surveying her with a curious expression.

"What are ye staring at me for that way?" she remarked tartly. "I should ha' thought ye could ha' found somethin' to do w/out hearkenin' to what wasn't meant for your ears."

"Happen it 'ud be as well if other folks kept their ears open a bit better than they do," returned Jinny, backing

towards the door, but all the time eyeing her mistress oddly.

Mrs. Fazackerly, unable by reason of her massive build to look over her shoulder, shifted her person a little in her chair in order to fix a disapproving but nevertheless uncomfortable gaze on the girl.

"Coom," she said, "none o' your hints. What should I keep my ears open for?"

"Why, ye met hear things as 'ud keep ye from feelin' so puzzled like," rejoined Jinny. "Ye met hear o' folks as is goin' and comin' to the place. I heard this mornin' as yon yoong gentleman as was stoppin' at bungalow on the shore is back again."

Mrs. Fazackerly, crimson in the face and pressing her hand to her mouth to choke down a recurrence of her malady, fixed on her so fierce and interrogative a glance that she was obliged to continue:

"Yon yoong gentleman as was out wi' the territorials—Mester Royton—I think his name is—he's back. I don't know whether Miss Orrell knows it or not," she continued, with an air of seeming indifference, "but it's strange her bein' so downcast like this mornin'."

"I've no patience wi' folks as goes passin' remarks on their betters," said the old lady with spirit. "Miss Orrell is like to be a bit disapp'inted along o' the Gaffer bein' called away unexpected."

"Maybe so," agreed Jinny dutifully, "but I didn't think she seemed hersel' when she first coom in before ye told her."

Mrs. Fazackerly cogitated uneasily, but presently dismissed the subject with an impatient wave of the hand.

"I suppose you haven't anythin' to do this mornin' that ye've so much time to be hearkenin' to tittle-tattle, and makin' up idle tales for yoursel'! Ha' ye scrubbed out buttery yet?"

"Nay," rejoined Jinny sulkily.

"Then go and do it," ordered her mistress.

Jinny withdrew, grumbling to herself. That was always the way: all rough jobs were for her; Maggie was the favorite ever since Miss Orrell had been cocked up over them; she would be sitting down mending curtains, while Jinny, who was a year older, was scrubbing flags. 'Twould be a good job if there was an upset of some make an' Miss Orrell was put down again in her proper place.

Presently Mrs. Fazackerly's voice broke in on her meditations.

"Who says this here yoong man is back again?"

"Them as see'd him," rejoined Jinny in muffled tones, while she vigorously plied her brush.

"Who is it, I say?" insisted the old lady. "That's no answer."

"Nay, I'll name no names," returned Jinny, still scrubbing. "The Gaffer threatened all sorts to anyone as said a word against Alty—Miss Orrell, I mean, so them as mentioned seein' him, got my promise not to say who they was."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Fazackerly.

So the gossips of the place were coupling Alty's name again with this young wastrel's. She would have liked to have boxed Jinny's ears for the innuendo, but deemed it wiser to question her no further. By and by Alty and Maggie entered, carrying the curtains, and took their places at the long table.

"Maggie, you can go up and look for my big scissors," said her mistress, "they must be somewhere about my room. And ye can shut yon door," she added, raising her voice, "back-kitchen door, I mean. We can't hear ourselves speak wi' the noise Jinny's makin' in there."

Maggie obeyed, and Mrs. Fazackerly, who knew very well that the scissors in question were at that very moment

in the covered basket at her elbow, fixed her eyes interrogatively on Alty.

"Are ye not feelin' so well this morning, Alty, my dear?"

"I'm quite well, thank you," said Alty distantly.

"I thowt ye wasn't quite yoursel'," remarked the other, and her glance became still more searching.

"Nought ever ails me," said Alty, bending over the curtains.

"Well, that's a good job," said Mrs. Fazackerly, leaning forward with her hand on her knee. "John done his best for ye yesterday, didn't he? When he coom back, he said, 'Well,' he said, 'I think Alty had a happy day.'"

The blood rushed over the girl's face, but she made no answer. "There isn't many like John—so kind and that, and goin' out o' his way to please a yoonng lass. I hope as you'll allus be grateful, Alty. I hope as you'll try for to make him some return."

"I reckon he's altogether too good for me," said Alty quickly.

Her lips were quivering, but she kept her eyes averted.

Mrs. Fazackerly was conscious of an uncomfortable shock: was it possible that Jinny was right?

At this moment Maggie returned, announcing that she was unable to find the scissors.

"It's reet," returned Mrs. Fazackerly, absently producing them from her work-basket. You can go and get t'other pair o' curtains down out o' the Gaffer's room."

"Nay, I'm best at gettin' curtains down," cried Alty quickly; "I'm taller nor Maggie. She might be gettin' on wi' the mendin', mightn't she?"

She flew out of the room before the old woman could answer, privately resolving to avoid being alone with her. The matter lay between her and John: she would give him back his promise and obtain her release; that much she owed him before turning her thoughts

in another direction. But whether she took Dennis Royton or whether she went away by herself to earn her living in some strange place, she would have done with John and his condescension.

It was nearly half-past six when John came home. He entered the living room with a brisk step and a smiling countenance.

"Hello," he cried, as he shut the door, glancing round the while over his shoulder at his mother and Alty. Alty, who was buttering a piece of bread, did not look up, and Mrs. Fazackerly rejoined: "Well?" in a dull tone.

"More haste, less speed," remarked John, as he drew in his chair to the table. "I thought I'd never get back, first one thing delaying me, then another, but here we are at last and tea's not done yet, I see. This is a gradely tea, isn't it, Alty? Not like the makeshift we had yesterday—plates and all. You like to eat off a plate best, don't you, Alty?"

He was more talkative than usual, in order to put Alty at her ease; she was shy, he thought, meeting him thus in cold blood, as it were, after the close intimacy of yesterday.

"'Tis hard to know what she likes," said Mrs. Fazackerly sourly.

Alty got up and went towards the door:

"You'll find me in the orchard at arter you've done tea," she said as she passed him.

John looked after her and then back at his mother.

"What's the meanin' o' this?" he asked in a stern voice. "Have you two been havin' words or what?"

"Words," repeated Mrs. Fazackerly reproachfully. "It ill becomes you, John, to ax such a question as that. I think ye met ha' seen for yoursel' that I never opened my mouth to Alty sin' you brought her here as your

promised wife, w'out it was in the way o' kindness. But happen, lad—"here she rolled her head portentously, "if ye was to say a few words to her earnest-like, and let her see ye wasn't to be trifled with, it met do her no harm."

John fixed his eyes upon his mother and repeated his former query, with a certain ominous expression in his blue eyes:

"What's the meanin' o' this, I say?"

"Ye'd best ax her yoursel'," said Mrs. Fazackerly. "I can't tell what's come to the lass, but summat's upset her. The very minute she set foot i' the house this mornin' I saw as summat was wrong."

Here she began to cough, and John waited patiently and expectantly until she was in a condition to enlighten him further.

"She's been awful down all day," resumed the old woman at last, "and touchy like, flying out for nothin'. I thought at first it was along o' you not bein' here."

"Ah, it might ha' been that," said John with a relieved laugh.

"Nay, lad, it wasn't, though she did toss her head a bit when I said you hoped she wouldn't be disappointed; but there's more behind."

"Mother, for pity's sake don't cough!" exclaimed John, as the premonitory symptoms declared themselves. "Now then, what's behind?"

"Yon wastrel's behind, then," said Mrs. Fazackerly, bringing out the words between gasps. "He's coom back."

"Who?"

"Why, soldier chap, Dennis Royton."

"I'll not believe it," said John, and he struck the table with his fist. "'Tis some idle tale."

"He's back," insisted the old lady. "There's them as has see'd him. But I should think one look at the lass's face 'ud tell ye *she* see'd him."

John turned white, but he said nothing; drawing in his chair to the table he cut himself a slice of bread, then held out his cup to his mother.

"Ye'd best ax her straight," said Mrs. Fazackerly, after she had filled it. "That's what ye'd best do, ax her straight."

"I will ask her," said John, "at arter I've had my tea."

He disposed of the meal resolutely, though indeed every morsel seemed to choke him; but it was characteristic of the man to accomplish the business in hand before turning to that other which so vitally concerned his happiness.

Not a word passed between the two till he rose from the table, then his mother said:

"Are ye goin' to her now?"

"Yes," rejoined he.

"Ye'll find her in the orchard."

"So she said," answered John.

Mrs. Fazackerly glanced at his face and then looked away.

"I wouldn't be Alty for summat," she said to herself.

John was indeed terribly angry, but he kept control over himself, and when he halted by Alty's side in the orchard, after swiftly striding through the long grass, he was able to greet her in his ordinary voice:

"Well, Alty?"

"John," she said, "I'm goin' to ax ye to give me back my promise. I don't want to wed ye now."

John had not been prepared for this, and for a moment his breath was completely taken away. He leaned his hand on the gnarled branch of the apple tree near which they stood, and looked down. His face worked and his voice was thick when he spoke at last.

"What's your reason for this. Ye must have a reason."

"I've the best o' reasons," said Alty. She, too, was breathing quickly, and the whole of her vigorous young frame

trembled. "We shouldn't be happy together, it's been a mistake, Mr. Fazackerly."

"Ye must change your mind very quick," said John; "ye didn't seem to ha' any doubts o' that mak' yesterday."

As she hesitated he looked at her, and then suddenly his contained wrath burst forth.

"Ye think ye can play wi' a mon like this," said he, "you as was sittin' by my side yesterday, wi' your hand in mine and your head on my shoulder, and now because this dommed young scoundrel takes a fancy to coom back, you think you can throw me on one side and turn to him. No, but by — ye shan't."

His massive form swayed, he clutched the branch so fiercely that the tree itself shook in response. His eyes were bloodshot, terrible to behold. Alty gazed at him blankly: this was a new John Fazackerly, one whose existence she had never dreamed of. He frightened her—and yet she had never loved him so dearly as now.

"So ye think," he went on after a moment, "that other folk can change about same way as yoursel'—but you're wrong there. There was more nor your promise between us, there was mine—there was an agreement between the two of us, and my word's bindin', if yours isn't. I've been thinkin' o' ye as my wife these weeks past—aye, and I thought o' ye that way long before. I was hopin' to make ye get fond o' me before yon wastrel came along. You'll not find it so easy to be shut o' me."

The blood raced to Alty's heart at a speed that made her turn sick and faint; she too leaned against the tree for support. John noticed her pallor and made a strenuous effort to master himself.

"No need to be so scared," he said.

"I'll not hurt ye, my lass, but I'll ha' the truth from ye. Ye saw that chap this morning?"

"Yes," said she; "his father's turned him out, and his sweetheart's given him up, and he wants me to wed him and go and live wi' him on a farm in Canada."

"Well, of all the blasted impudence!" ejaculated John.

He checked himself, eyeing the girl searchingly. Alty's gaze did not meet his.

"And ye said yes," he went on, almost inarticulately.

"I said I'd give him his answer this evening," returned the girl without raising her eyes. "I couldn't say I'd wed him wi'out ye set me free."

"And that I'll never do," said John with decision. "Where is the fellow?" he went on. "You were to meet him somewhere, I doubt?"

"Yes, at Hart's-tongue Wood at seven o'clock," said Alty.

"It's just on that now," rejoined he. "We'll go there together, and you can tell him what I say."

He was calmer now, and walked steadily enough across the orchard and along the path which led to Hart's-tongue Wood. Alty followed him at a faltering pace, her face still as white as chalk and her heart beating violently. Yet in spite of her shame at the sorry part she was playing, and her doubt of the issue, there was a dawning secret joy within her: John did not want to let her go!

Dennis was waiting at the old trysting-place, and turned in amazement as the farmer clambered heavily over the paling. Alty remained on the hither side, her arms crossed on the top.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked Dennis, unconsciously echoing John's words of a little while ago. He, too, was angry, but startled and very ill at ease.

"John brought me," said Alty; "he says he won't give me up."

"Aye," said John, "that's what I

say. Alty's promised to me, and me to her, and I'll hold her to it, let you and her chop and change as much as you will. I'm not one as changes—I have her word, and I'll keep her to it."

"Well," rejoined Dennis, with some semblance of spirit. "All I can say is you're acting very selfishly. She doesn't want you—she doesn't love you—she'll never be happy with you."

John's eyes sought Alty's, by sheer will power drawing them to his.

"Alty lass," he said, "you're a bit changeable, I grant you, but I ask ye to remember yesterday. Ye was happy enough wi' me yesterday. Ye seemed then as if ye could content yoursel' very well wi' me."

The color returned to Alty's face with a rush.

"Ah, ye didn't ought to say such things," she stammered. "Eh, I'm like as if I could die for shame."

"It's he that ought to be ashamed," cried Dennis loftily. "Pay no heed to him, my girl. He's no claim on you really. He can't force you to marry him without love."

"Love!" exclaimed John, with an angry laugh. "Happen you're not such a very good judge, my lad."

"I should think I'm a better judge than you," retorted Dennis scornfully.

"Nay," said John. He paused, words coming as ever with difficulty to him, but presently continuing. "It's not what I call love to take up wi' a lass because you've nought better to do, an' to throw her aside when the fancy takes ye, an' to turn to her again when ye reckon she met be a bit o' use. That's not love!"

Dennis laughed again with feigned sarcasm, though he reddened at John's contemptuous glance.

"Let's hear what you have to say about love," he exclaimed.

"Nay," returned John, "ye'll not hear me say nought, nobbut Alty's mine, an' I'll keep her."

"Against her will?"

"That's none o' your business," said John roughly; then, with a threatening gesture; "Come, clear out."

"Do you tell me to go, Alty?" said Dennis, backing away from the wrathful giant, whose tone and manner meant business.

Alty's elbows were propped on the top rail, and her face was hidden in her hands; she parted her fingers a little way so that her eyes were visible, and nodded with such decision that even though she did not speak there was no mistaking her intention.

"Very well, then," rejoined Dennis sulkily. He vaulted over the railing and walked away, turning again after he had proceeded a few yards, and announcing indignantly:—

"This is for the last time, mind you! I shall never come near you again."

"Ye'd best not," said John. "If ye ever show your face here again, my lad, I'll spoil it for ye."

Dennis turned on his heel and walked away, and John stood watching him till he was out of sight; and then he turned to Alty, who was gazing at him earnestly through her fingers. His face wore an expression of passionate anger, mixed with no less passionate grief.

"Alty," he said. "I don't know what I'm to say to you—but I'll not give ye up—not if ye break your heart I won't. I—I—God knows I've tried to be patient, an' I reckon I'll have to be patient still—but while I live no other man shall get ye."

"Come a bit nearer, John," faltered Alty, and even the little of her face that he could see became suffused with blushes.

He went close up to her, and catching hold of his sleeve she made as if she would hide her face on his shoulder.

"Eh, lass," he repeated brokenly, "I don't know whatever I'm to say to ye!"

Then, stretching his arm across the palling, he drew her to him.

"Say nought, John," whispered Alty.

"Are ye tryin' to fool me again," he asked sternly. "Are ye tryin' to wheedle me into givin' in. Nay, happen I am a selfish brute, but there's things a man can't do——"

"Nay, John, it's me as has been the fool," murmured Alty. Then she dropped her hands with a deep sigh. "Eh! I'm that happy!"

"Happy!" exclaimed he, staring.

Alty's face was very red, and her eyes were full of tears, but there was no mistaking her expression.

"Eh, I were that fain ye wouldn't agree," she exclaimed ecstatically. "Eh, when he argued, I was so afeered he'd have the best o' it."

"Alty!" said John solemnly. "Am I crazy or are you?"

"I think both of us must be a little daft," rejoined she, with a tremulous laugh. "Eh, why didn't ye carry on that gate a little before? I thought all the time ye were takin' me out o' pity."

"Pity?" echoed he.

He held her at arm's length, gazing at her while the idea slowly filtered through his brain, then he swiftly caught her to him again.

"Pity," he echoed with a rapturous laugh. "Why, whatever put that notion into your head?"

"I don't know—Grandma, I think. Grandma said 'twas she as axed ye

to take me out yesterday. Eh! I were that mad, I were ready to do anything. I wouldn't ha' hearkened to Dennis for a minute if it hadn't ha' been for that."

"Well, well," said John ruminatively, "an' I was hangin' back all I could an' keepin' mysel' down, thinkin' 'twas hard to hurry ye. I thought your heart was altogether took up wi' t'other chap, ye see—I didn't want to force ye."

"Ye altered your mind about that just now," said Alty.

"That's another story," answered John, very solemnly. He drew a long breath, and gazed at her with a puzzled look. "I don't know as I'd ha' had the heart to force ye really," he went on.

"Nay, don't say that," cried the girl quickly. "Eh, John, I've been gettin' to love ye more an' more all these days, but my heart fair sank thinkin' how good ye was. Eh, I think I like ye better for not bein' altogether that good. Eh, I were that pleased when ye stood up to t'other, an' said ye'd keep me whether I liked it or no."

Her smile broadened; she rubbed her hands and chuckled with glee. John continued to gaze at her for a moment, then he, too, smiled.

"I'm a bit puzzled," he said, "but never mind. When all's said an' done, we understand each other at last on the main point! So theer, we're happy!"

THE END.

CHARLES READE.

Charles Reade was born a hundred years ago, on the 8th of June, 1814; he died on Good Friday, April 11, 1884. Then, or about then, Walter Besant could write as follows of the position occupied by this writer,

which is—and has been, since the death of Thackeray and Dickens—alone in the first rank. That is to say, alone because he resembles no other writer living or dead—not alone because there has been no other writer in line with him. His merits are his own, and they

are those of the first order of writers. He cannot be classified or compared; in order to be classified, a man must be either a leader or one of a following. Reade certainly cannot be accused of following. One can only say that he stands in the front rank and he stands alone. One can only say that this great writer—there is no greater praise—paints women as they are, men as they are, things as they are,

all of which is skimble-skamble thought in slipshod language, a confusion of platitude, falsity, and nonsense stark but inarticulate. (Also George Elliot survived Thackeray and Dickens by some years. Still it is obviously trying, under a spell of admiration, to say something about Charles Reade; and the mischief—for those of us who admire Reade, albeit differently—lurks in a little devil of a doubt that anyone, a hundred years hence, will care either for the something Besant wanted to say or for the reservations we think worth while.

Reade as a novelist had merits we can hardly believe to be perishable. To take the most eminent: when he "got going" upon high, straight epic narrative—Gerard's odyssey, the last voyage of the Agra, the bursting of Ousely dam, the storming of the Bastion St. André—no one of his contemporaries could touch him; no English writer, at any rate, could get near him. Nor were these efforts mere spurts of invention, but long, strong, masterly running; sustained right to the goal over scores of pages. Could one but pluck these chapters out of his books, blot the residue out of existence, and holding them out to posterity (they would make no mean handful either) challenge it to refuse Reade a place in the very first rank, there could be no answer. He had other great merits too; but with them a fatal talent for murdering his own reputation, for capping every triumph with an instant folly, either in the books themselves or in

his public behavior; and these follies were none the less disastrous for being prompted by a nature at once large, manly, generous, tender, incapable of self-control, constitutionally passionate, and in passion as blind as a bat.

He started in life as the youngest of eleven children; son of a high Tory squire (of tall and noble presence) and a lady who had descended upon Ipsden in Oxfordshire out of the inner social circle of Buckingham Palace and the Regency. To quote the official Memoir into which Reade's luck followed him (it fills two volumes worthy to survive for brilliance of fatuity even when their subject shall be forgotten), "Charles Reade was born into a refined family circle, for his mother had the *bel air* of the Court, and his father was a gentleman of the old school." Further, the mother "was no common woman. Born under the torrid sun of Madras, immersed while yet a girl in the life of politics, society, and the Court, she was before all things a lady (!). Haydn taught her music, and Sheridan epigram and repartee. Her manner was perfect, and her conversational powers so extraordinary as to have fascinated so superior a master of rhetoric as Samuel Wilberforce." In the country she imbibed religion (Calvinism) from a divine who, "though a splendid preacher and a Hebrew scholar, never attained to the semblance of a gentleman. In his old age a long pipe and a spittoon were his inseparable companions." Environed by this Arcadian simplicity, Mrs. Reade lived and did her work industriously and happily. She was at once domestic and social, with an aptitude for cultivating the great of the earth.

Lord Thurlow was godfather to her eldest son; Barrington, the Prince-Bishop of Durham, who resided at Mongewell Park, three miles off, became sponsor for her fourth; and Warren Hastings for her youngest

daughter. "My dearest Lady Effingham" was the friend of her life-time until that lady in the eighth decade ran away with a Scripture-reader, when the note changed and she was styled "the horrid old woman."

She was a daughter of Major John Scott (afterwards Lord Waring.), M.P. for the old borough of Stockbridge, Hants—a figure in the polite and the party memoirs of his age; and, like most women trained in its high politics, she had a sharp eye for "openings." "Her influence with the Board of Directors of the Old East India Company was virtually paramount. She obtained no less than three writer-ships [i.e., appointments in the Civil Service], together with two cavalry cadetships, for her sons, and an infantry cadetship for a connection by marriage." The elder sons had been sent to public schools—Rugby, Haileybury, Charterhouse; but she had a whim to subject Charles, her youngest and her darling, to private tuition.

I.

This was the child's first misfortune, and no slight one. Though the public schools of this land have pretty steadily evolved some four-fifths of its admitted genius, their reputation for discouraging genius is secular and shall not be disputed here; but at all events they discourage those abnormalities of temper and conduct to which genius is prone, as by their stern correction it is not infrequently bettered. Reade was committed to a flagellating minister at Ifley, who taught him the Latin irregular verbs; if of a hundred he could repeat all correctly, he escaped; if but nine-and-ninety, he was caned and—being all unlike an elder brother who in the midst of a furious whacking observed pleasantly "I say, if you keep on at this much longer you'll hurt"—Charles was not cured of a sensitive skin by this grounding-in the classics.

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After five years of this penal servitude his parents removed him to a far humaner school at Staines; a change which, in the words of the Memoir, "can only be compared to one from a diet of gall to one of champagne." Even that (one conjectures) would not suit all stomachs; and the boy, though happier at Staines, missed the right regimen of health for his character. Next came Oxford. His father the Squire, who had been at Rugby and Oriel, could not see that Oxford fitted a man for life. (He kept a pack of harriers.) But Mrs. Reade insisted, and Charles went up to stand for a demyship at Magdalen: which he won in the teeth of all probability, not because he sent in a good essay (which he did) nor through parental wire-pulling, but because one of the eight nominee candidates whom the Fellows proposed to job in failed so conspicuously that old Dr. Routh refused to have him and preferred to admit the outsider who came of good family and could write sound English. Luck and ability combined again, four years later, to win him his fellowship. A demy of Magdalen in those days could only succeed to a fellowship on his particular county, and then only if he had taken his degree before the day of St. Mary Magdalen next ensuing after the vacancy. Reade, though privately tutored by no less a man than Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke), may have been indolent; at any rate in the early summer of 1835 he was unprepared for "Greats" when quite unexpectedly a vacancy occurred in Oxfordshire, his own county. The month was June, and he had twenty-four hours in which to decide between entering his name for a pass or for honors. For the pass he would have to sit at once; and, though the examination was light as compared with the other, a total ignorance of the books offered would hardly be covered

by autoschediastic brilliancy. He therefore entered his name for honors, and in the three weeks' respite read furiously. Thirty-six hours before the examination he began upon the Thirty-nine Articles, which all candidates had to commit to memory—rejection on this test invalidating success in all the others. He had a bad memory (ruined, as he always maintained, by ferocious overtaxing at his first school). Lo! when he started upon his task, which he had left to the last, his memory collapsed. To make matters worse, the three weeks' strain had brought on a racking neuralgia. He walked up to the examination table knowing just three Articles by rote; his mind, for the remaining thirty-six, a blank. The Article chosen by the examiner chanced to be one of the magic three. Reade repeated it pat, won his degree, and inherited his fellowship.

Later on, and having in the meantime entered at Lincoln's Inn and begun to study law, he achieved the Vinerian Scholarship, less by luck than by good management. The Masters of Arts elected to this scholarship, and the Fellows of Magdalen, though etiquette forbade them to vote or canvass against one of their Society, had by this time been chafed more than a little by Reade's "nodosities" and angularities of temper, and would help him to no university backing. It occurred to Reade that, with his father's influence in the shire, he might whip up a number of county gentlemen who happened to be M.A.'s and surprise, perhaps even swamp, the resident voters.

His mother canvassed the clergy, and when favorable answers were obtained offered conveyances free of cost. On the day of election Oxford swarmed with squires and parsons whipped up for Charles Reade, and thus when he came in head of the poll by a substantial majority, some chagrin found expression within the bosom of the college.

In truth, this contentious, irascible man was no easy fellow for any collegiate society, let alone that of Magdalen under Dr. Routh. His colleagues found him gey ill to live with; while he, smarting as he did under every petty wound, real or imaginary—and, for a real one, there had been an attempt to oust him save on a condition of his taking orders—saw no more of them than he was obliged. He rarely dined in hall: but he swore by the college cook (who swore by him), and in later years he even had made for him a set of silver dishes in which dinners were conveyed to him from Magdalen to London! But he wished to be quit of college business, though he duly served his term as Dean of Arts—in a green coat with brass buttons, a costume at which the late Mr. Goldwin Smith took special umbrage.

II.

In 1839 Reade left Oxford for a sort of grand tour, Paris and Geneva being the chief resting places. Thereafter for a few years he wandered a great deal, especially in Scotland—as the Memoir puts it: "between the years 1837 and 1847 his visits to the land of cakes were chronic." When at home he had, so to speak, three homes—Ipsden, Magdalen, and some chambers he rented in Leicester-square—nor was either of them warned when to expect him: for he kept a separate wardrobe at each, travelled without luggage, and probably would have disdained the telegraph had it been invented. His rooms in Leicester Square swarmed with squirrels which he imported from Ipsden. He started a craze for violins; collected Cremonas, plunged into the secrets of their manufacture, almost desperately offended his father by spilling varnishes from his window-sill over the white front of Ipsden; bolted in a huff for the Continent and Paris; almost lost his life as a hated English-

man in the Revolution of 1848; escaped in a cab under a truss of straw; and arrived back at Ipsden travel-stained but cool, as he could be when not enraged by trifles. "My dear Charles," was the greeting, "you have had a narrow escape of your life."—"I have. They put me into a damp bed at Boulogne."

We come now to that turn in Reade's fate which, if but for it he had never been a writer, must be accounted a blessing, as to the last he loudly and sincerely proclaimed it. But if primarily a blessing, in a dozen ways (or we are grievously mistaken) it proved to be a steady curse, though the woman responsible was innocent of all conscious harm. He had always been attracted by the stage. He reckoned drama to be the first of the arts. On his tomb he left orders to be written: "Charles Reade: Dramatist, Novelist, Journalist"—in that order. About this time, 1849, when "his fine old sire paid the debt of nature" (*Memoir*), he wrote a play—many plays. He took it to "a distinguished comedian, Mrs. Seymour," then acting with Buckstone at the Haymarket. "She was magnanimous and appreciative and, like many women of her calibre, could recognize the difference between a real and a sham gentleman. Ladies whom the voice of scandal has spared have been less warm-hearted," &c. (*Memoir*). It may, however, be safely predicted (*sic*) that he (Reade) stood alone in believing her to be a really great artist." He asked for an interview. "The response was in the affirmative" (*Memoir*). She did not think much of the play, and showed that she didn't. Reade had called "hat in hand"; "politely, and without any show of the offence he felt he bowed himself out." She felt sorry, pitied "a fine man with the *bel air* of one accustomed to society," jumped (mistakenly) at the guess that he was hard up for money, sat down and wrote

a letter. It fetched Reade back with an explanation.

What passed at that interview is not known. Each had learnt in a moment to respect the other, and we may be sure that a friendship thus commenced was from the outset regarded as sacred. It had moreover to develop . . . It must, however, be categorically asserted (*sic*) on the individual authority (*sic*) of the late Mr. Winwood Reade, who was a constant inmate subsequently of their house in Bolton Row, that the friendship between these two was platonic.

To have done with this egregious *Memoir*. No one doubts that Mrs. Seymour was an honest lady, or that she started Charles Reade upon writing novels, or that she gave him some sound practical advice by the way. But the crucial test of such a partnership as this (and there have been not a few in the history of letters) is only passed when the silent partner supplies that self-criticism which the active partner lacks. Unless the two are thus complementary—if the silent one merely encourages the active performer to the top of his bent—the momentum but drives forward an inordinate mass to topple by its own weight, as Lewes drove George Eliot from "Scenes of Clerical Life" to *Deronda*. Now Mrs. Seymour, a woman of little cultivation, was quite incapable of correcting, because incapable of perceiving, those defects of taste and temper to which Reade was prone. If she did not foster them she at least left these idiosyncrasies to mar his work. Worse even than this—she was an actress, and not a first-class actress, of a very bad period. She saw everything "literary" in the light of the stage, and her stage was of the stagiest. By ill-luck Reade too suffered from this false stage-eye. He too saw all his novels first as plays. His earliest, "Peg Woffington," was adapted straight from a short play, *Masks and Faces*, which

still holds the boards in spite (or by virtue) of what Swinburne called "the preposterous incident" of the living portrait. Rightly classing this with the burlesque duel in "Christie Johnstone," Swinburne rightly adds that "in serious fiction they are such blemishes as cannot be effaced and can hardly be redeemed by the charming scenes which precede or follow them." The tedious conclusion of the first of the long novels, "It is Never Too Late to Mend," with its avenging Jew and its Wicked Bridegroom foiled at the church-door, is but stage-grouping and melodrama carried to the *nth* power. The same bag of tricks being produced again to affront the reader's intelligence in "Put Yourself in His Place." Reade had written "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Hard Cash," and "Griffith Gaunt" in the interval between these two, and yet "Put Yourself in His Place" would seem to prove that he had learnt (or, rather, had unlearnt) nothing. The devices by which the hero is made to vanish and to keep his betrothed without news that he is alive would not impose on a child, and the sawdust puppet Squire Raby becomes almost a thing of horror when we reflect that Reade probably intended him for a portrait of his own father!

Few men can have written a critical sentence wider of the truth than Besant's "One can only say of this great writer . . . that he paints women, as they are, men as they are, things as they are." That was just what Reade could not learn to do for any length of time, save now and then when left alone in his rooms in Magdalen. When he saw men and women with the help of Mrs. Seymour or of such playwrights as Tom Taylor and Dion Boucicault he saw them as dolls making their exits and their entrances behind footlights. He wrote "Foul Play" in collaboration with Dion Boucicault, which is another way of saying

that he submitted his true epical dæmon, though it broke loose for a long run in the splendid adventures of the castaways, to be caught and reconsigned to a prison of cardboard. He wrecked "Griffith Gaunt," which was coming near to be his best novel, as Shakespeare wrecked *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (but Shakespeare lived to learn better), by making his hero for purely stage purposes suddenly renounce his nature and behave like a quite incredible cad; nor could we readily find by searching the old pages of *Bow Bells* or *The London Journal* theatricality stalking in such nakedness as in "A Terrible Temptation," one of Reade's later works.

III.

The pity is the greater because he took enormous trouble to be true to fact, and above everything prided himself upon being *therefore* true to Nature (whereas the two are different things). His method of work, his method of preparation for it, his material and appliances—documents, blue-books, newspaper files, note-books, indexes—will be found described as accessories to that full-length portrait of himself which (for no artistic reason) he thrusts into "A Terrible Temptation" along with a picture of his work-room.

—an empty room, the like of which Lady Bassett had never seen; it was large in itself and multiplied tenfold by great mirrors from floor to ceiling, with no frames but a narrow oak beading; opposite her on entering was a bay window, all plate glass, the central panes of which opened like doors upon a pretty little garden that glowed with color and was backed by fine trees. . . . The numerous and large mirrors all down to the ground laid hold of the garden and the flowers, and by double and triple reflection filled the room with nooks of verdure and color. He used this device in his rooms at Magdalen, which looked upon the col-

lege deer park; by mirrors contriving to bring it indoors and around him while he sat, like Chaucer in Longfellow's sonnet "in a lodge within a park."

The chamber walls depicted all around,

[Not] With portraitures of huntsman,
hawk, and hound
And "the hurt deer."

but with the deer alone, unhurt, browsing under green branches.

Underneath the table was a formidable array of notebooks, standing upright and labelled on their backs. There were about twenty large folios of classified facts, ideas, and pictures, for the very wood-cuts were all indexed and classified on the plan of a tradesman's ledger . . . Then there was a collection of solid quartos and of smaller folio guard-books called Indexes. There were *Index Rerum et Journalium*—*Index Rerum et Librorum*—*Index Rerum et Hominum*—and a lot more; indeed, so many that, by way of climax there was a fat folio ledger entitled *Index ad Indices*. By the side of the table were six or seven thick pasteboard cards, each about the size of a large portfolio, and on these the author's notes and extracts were collected from all his repertoires into something like a focus for a present purpose. He was writing a novel based on facts—facts, incidents, including dialogues, pictures, reflections, situations, were all on these cards to choose from, arranged in headed columns. . . .

One thing this method taught him at any rate—to exert his style upon concrete objects. He might, indeed, distort men, women, things; he did so as often as not; but he ever saw them as tangible and detested all writing that was nebulous, high-faluting, gushing. His style is ever lively and nervous. It may irritate even the moderately fastidious, it abounds in errors of taste; but is always vigorous, compelling—the style of a man. We feel the surer that our account of it does no real injustice to poor Mrs. Seymour's influence on

observing that Reade's masterpiece "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Hard Cash" (which may rank next) were written at a remove from her, in his college rooms. Anyhow she did not know enough of the times or the materials handled in "The Cloister" for her opinion to have had even a plausible value, and in fact he seems to have done without it. On the other hand, we do her memory the justice to doubt if any tact, any skill, could have taught Reade tact, cured his combativeness, or alleviated his wrathful knack of putting himself in the wrong. He was not only hasty in a quarrel; being in it, he might be counted on to make his friends blush and the cool observer smile. The Memoir contains a letter, written before he commenced author, extending over many pages, addressed to the officials of the Treasury and haranguing them in this fashion because he had been charged what he thought an excessive import duty on some old violins:—

Merit never comes to bear until first filtered through the consideration of name. If then a Man looks at twenty old fiddles, the merits of which he can see, but does not know who made each and how that Maker ranks in the Market—where is he? and what is he?—a sailor on the wide Pacific without a compass or a star is not more the sport of water and wind than such a man as this is of flighty dreams and of brute chance . . . Oh! my Lords, if you or the Commissioners would only condescend to look at the things. . . . Malice is a blackguard, but Ignorance is a Wild Beast, &c., &c.

This kind of thing may not have been ineradicable in Reade, but it was certainly never eradicated. To the end—for example when accused of plagiarizing from Swift in "The Wandering Heir"—he could never fit the word with the occasion or keep any sense of proportion between the argument and his temper. A similar tactlessness led him, having accepted a commission

from the firm of Cassell, Petter and Galpin, to affront the readers of *Cassell's Magazine* with "A Terrible Temptation." Nobody could have been more genuinely amazed and indignant than was Reade at the reprobation it excited; but so recently as twenty years ago a mischievous person in search of amusement could count on it if he walked into Messrs. Cassell's premises and pronounced the name of Charles Reade in a voice above a whisper. Reade, to be sure, had usually moral right on his side, and behind his excesses; and the amount of positive good he did, not only towards reforming social abuses by such works as "It is Never Too Late to Mend" and "Hard Cash," but by pamphlets and letters championing individual victims of injustice, would amount to a fine total. But we are considering him as an artist, and the artistic side and the side of the angels are not conterminous, though they agree roughly.

The general verdict seems to be that, while "Griffith Gaunt" and "Hard Cash" are works of mastery (and the high seriousness of "Griffith Gaunt" cannot be denied), "The Cloister and the Hearth" was his masterpiece. With this verdict we entirely agree, and hold that, if there must be a first place among "historical" novels, that work and "Esmond" are the great challengers for it. For artistry, grace of handling, ease, finish, the delicate rhythm of its prose, nice perception of where to restrain passion, where and how far to

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let it go, "Esmond" must carry every vote. "The Cloister and the Hearth," moreover, tails out tediously, though the end, when it comes, is exquisite—a thing of human blood purified to tears and tears to divine balm.

"But now the good fight is won, ah me! Oh my love, if thou hast lived doubting of thy Gerard's heart, die not so; for never was woman loved so tenderly as thou this ten years past."

"Calm thyself, dear one," said the dying woman with a heavenly smile. "I know it; only being a woman, I could not die happy till I had heard thee say so."

In the depth of this, as through the whole story which it closes, shines a something which Thackeray could no more match than he could match the epic chapters wherethrough Gerard adventures with Denys of Burgundy, though between the two novelists, on the sum of their writing, there can be, of course, no comparison.

None the less, and through all his blindfold mistakes—even through his most amazing trivialities—Reade carries always the indefinable aura of greatness. Often vulgar, and not seldom ludicrous, he is never petty. "No man," said Johnson, "was ever written down but by himself." Reade, vain and apt to write himself down in the act of writing himself up, was all but consistently the worst foe of his own reputation. It will probably survive all the worst he did, because he was great in a way and entirely sincere.

THE ARTIST.

He had long known, of course, that to say the word "bourgeois" with contempt was a little bit old-fashioned, and he did his utmost not to; yet was there a still small voice within him that would whisper: "Those people—I want to and I do treat them as my

equals. I have even gone so far of late years as to dress like them, to play their games, to eat regularly, to drink little, to love decorously, with many other bourgeois virtues, but in spite of all I remain where I was, an inhabitant of another—" and, just as he

thought the whispering voice was going to die away, it would add hurriedly—and a better world.”

It worried him; and he would diligently examine the premises of that small secret conclusion, hoping to find a flaw in the justness of his conviction that he was superior. But he never did; and for a long time he could not discover why.

For the conduct of the “bourgeois” often struck him as almost superfluously good. They were brave; much braver than he was conscious of being; clean-thinking, oh, far more clean-thinking than a man like himself, necessarily given to visions of all kinds; they were straightforward, almost ridiculously so, as it seemed to one who saw the inside-out of everything almost before he saw the outside-in; they were simple, as touchingly simple as little children, to whom Scriptures and Post-Impressionism had combined to award the crown of wisdom; they were kind and self-denying in a way that often made him feel quite desperately his own selfishness—and yet, they were inferior. It was simply maddening that he could never rid himself of that impression.

It was one November afternoon, while talking with another artist, that the simple reason struck him with extraordinary force and clarity: He could make them, and they could not make him!

It was clearly this which caused him to feel so much like God when they were about. Glad enough, as any man might be, of that discovery, it did not set his mind at rest. He felt that he ought rather to be humbled than elated. And he went to work at once to be so, saying to himself: “I am just, perhaps, a little nearer to the Creative Purpose than the rest of the world—a mere accident, nothing to be proud of; I can’t help it, nothing to make a fuss about, though people will!” For

it did seem to him sometimes that the whole world was in conspiracy to make him feel superior—as if there were any need! He would have felt much more comfortable if that world had despised him, as it used to in the old days, for then the fire of his conviction could with so much better grace have flared to heaven; there would have been something fine about a superiority leading its own forlorn hope. But this trailing behind the drums and trumpets of a press and public so easily taken in, he felt to be both flat, and a little degrading. True, he had his moments, as when his eyes would light on sentences like this (penned generally by clergymen): “All this talk of Art is idle; what really matters is morals.” Then, indeed, his spirit would flame, and after gazing at “is morals” with flashing eye and curling lip, and wondering whether it ought to have been “are morals,” he would say to whomsoever might happen to be there: “These bourgeois! What do they know? What can they see?” and without waiting for an answer, would reply: “Nothing! Nothing! Less than nothing!” and mean it. It was at moments such as these that he realized how he not only despised, but almost hated those dense and cocky Philistines who could not see his obvious superiority. He felt that he did not lightly call them by such names, because they really *were* dense and cocky, and no more able to see things from his point of view than they were to jump over the moon. These fellows could see nothing except from their own confounded view-point! They were so stodgy too; and he gravely distrusted anything static. Flux, flux, and once more flux! He knew by intuition that an artist alone had the capacity for concreting the tides of life in forms that were not deleterious to anybody. For Rules and Canons he recognized the necessity with his head (including his tongue),

but never with his heart; except, of course, the rules and canons of art. He worshipped these; and when anybody like Tolstoy came along and said "Blow art!" or words to that effect, he hummed like bees caught on a gust of wind. What did it matter whether you had anything to express, so long as you expressed it? That only was "pure aesthetics," as he often said. To place before the public eye something so exquisitely purged of thick and muddy actuality that it might be as perfectly without direct appeal to-day as it would be two thousand years hence, this was an ambition to which in truth he nearly always attained; this only was great art. He would assert with his last breath—which was rather short, for he suffered from indigestion—that one must never concrete anything in terms of ordinary nature. No! one must devise pictures of life that would be equally unfamiliar to men in A.D. 2520, as they had been in A.D. 1920; and when an inconsiderate person drew his attention to the fact that to the spectator in 2520 the most naturalistic pictures of the life of 1920 would seem quite convincingly fantastic, so that there was no need for him to go out of his way to devise fantasy—he would stare. For he was emphatically not one of those who did not care a button what the form was so long as the spirit of the artist shone clear and potent through the pictures he drew. No, no; he either demanded the poetical, the thing that got off the ground, with the wind in its hair (and he himself would make the wind, rather perfumed); or—if not the poetical—something observed with extreme fidelity and without the smallest touch of that true danger to Art, the temperamental point of view. "No!" he would say, "it's our business to put it down just as it is, to see it, not to feel it. In feeling damnation lies." And nothing gave him greater uneasiness

than to find the emotions of anger, scorn, love, reverence, or pity surging within him as he worked, for he knew that they would, if he did not at once master them, spoil a certain splendid vacuity that he demanded of all Art. In painting, Rafael, Tintoretto, and Holbein pleased him greatly; in fiction, "*Salammbô*" was his model, for, as he very justly said, you could supply to it what soul you liked—there being no inconvenient soul already in possession.

As can be well imagined, his conviction of being, in a small way, God, permeated an outlook that was passionless and impartial to a degree—except perhaps towards the bourgeoisie, with their tiring morals, and peculiar habits. If he had a weakness, it was his paramount desire to suppress in himself any symptoms of temperament, except just that temperament of having no temperament, which seemed to him the only one permissible to an artist, who, as he said, was nothing if not simply either a recorder, or a weaver of beautiful lines in the air.

Record and design, statement and decoration—these, in combination, constituted creation! It was to him a certain source of pleasure that he had discovered this. Not that he was, of course, neglectful of sensations, but he was perfectly careful not to *feel* them—in order that he might be able to record them, or use them for his weaving in a purely aesthetic manner. The moment they impinged on his spirit, and sent the blood to his head, he reined in, and began tracing lines in the air, a practice that never failed him.

It was his deliberate opinion that a work of art quite as great as the "*Bacchus and Ariadne*" could be made out of a kettle singing on a hob. You had merely to record it with beautiful lines and color; and what—in parenthesis—could lend itself more readily to beautiful treatment of lines woven

in the air than steam rising from a spout? It was a subject, too, which in its very essence almost precluded temperamental treatment, so that this abiding temptation was removed from the creator. It could be transferred to canvas with a sort of immortal blandness; black, singing, beautiful. All that cant, such as: "The greater the artist's spirit, the greater the subject he will treat, and the greater achievement attain, technique being equal," was to him beneath contempt. The spirit did not matter, because one must not intrude it; and, since one must not intrude it, the more unpretentious the subject, the less temptation one had to diverge from impersonality, that first principle of Art. Oranges on a dish was probably the finest subject one could meet with; unless one chanced to dislike oranges. As for what people call "criticism of life," he maintained that such was only permissible when the criticism was so sunk into the very fibre of a work as to be imperceptible to the most searching eye. When this was achieved he thought it extremely valuable. Anything else was simply the work of the moralist, of the man who took sides, and used his powers of expression to embody a temperamental and therefore an obviously one-sided view of his subject; and however high those powers of expression might be, he could not admit that this was in any sense real art. He could never forgive Leonardo da Vinci, because, he said, "the fellow was always trying to put the scientific side of himself into his confounded paintings, and not just content to render faithfully in terms of decoration"; nor could he ever condone Euripides

The Nation.

for letting his philosophy tincture all his plays. And if it were advanced that the first was the greatest painter, and the latter the greatest dramatist the world had ever seen, he would say: "That may be, but they weren't artists, of course."

He was fond of the words "of course"; they gave the impression that he could not be startled, as was right and proper for a man occupying his post, a little nearer to the Creative Purpose than those others. As mark of that position, he always permitted himself just one eccentricity, changing it every year, his mind being subtle, not like those of certain politicians or millionaires, content to wear orchids, or drive zebras all their lives. Anon, it would be a little pointed beard and no hair to speak of; next year no beard, and wings; the year after, a pair of pince-nez with alabaster rims, very cunning; once more anon a little pointed beard. In these ways he singled himself out just enough, no more; for he was no *poseur*, believing in his own place in the scheme of things too deeply.

His views on matters of the day varied, of course, with the views of those he talked to, since it was his privilege always to see, either the other side, or something so much more subtle on the same side, as made that side the other.

But all topical thought and emotion was beside the point for one who lived in his work; who lived to receive impressions and render them again so faithfully that you could not tell he had ever received them. His was—as he sometimes felt—a rare and precious personality.

John Galsworthy.

THE KING'S MESSENGER.

BY DOWHILL.

A glorious October day and unusually warm for the time of year. I was lying in a long wicker chair under the spreading branches of an old copper-beech tree, bored with my idle existence and wishing mightily for something interesting to turn up. At the time this incident occurred I was at home on a year's leave from India, where my regiment was stationed, and after a few months' idleness had found that with no shooting or hunting in prospect I was vastly bored. I sighed for the barren Frontier, ever pregnant with the unexpected, where men are men and life is appraised at its fighting value. For there each male who reaches manhood is a prize creation, finely fashioned, with bold challenge in his eye. And, consequently, as each swashbuckler is a spark liable to be ignited by a capricious wind into a conflagration, fate on that border often flings the subaltern the chance he wants of death or treble X distinction.

As I was turning over possible chances in my mind, wondering whether to forgo the rest of my leave to obey the call of the Frontier, whether to ask permission to return overland *via* Persia, or whether to try and see some soldiering in England, my meditations were interrupted by a maid walking across the lawn and handing to me a bundle of letters. Now fate so rules that I always look last at letters promising to be interesting—*i.e.*, those whose handwriting is unknown or unexpected; a custom doubtless dating from early schoolboy days, when the empty stomach of the ever-hungry lad indicated the envelope that contained the postal order. So it happened that until I had read through that somewhat bulky dâk and down to

the last two envelopes, I did not readily appreciate that my communications were of unusual interest. Of these the first was from an old pal in the Royals, a pal at Wellington and a brother half in the Sandhurst XV., whom I had had the luck to run across on the Continent, on my way home, and with whom I had spent a delectable three weeks in Rome. It told of his engagement to a pretty and fascinating French girl, whom we had both greatly admired at the Hôtel de France; and they were to be married at Christmas. She was apparently an orphan and, when we made her acquaintance, was chaperoned by an elderly Russian cousin.

"Do write, you old Hindu, and congratulate us—Marie hasn't forgotten you (that was tact!), and would be glad to get a line, which I daresay I'll be able to decipher if she can't! I am coming back in a fortnight, when I shall have to square it up with my people. I hope I shall find favor in the eyes of my future sister-in-law, who, as you know, takes the place of M.'s mother. She—the sister—married a Pole, who is exiled or dead. M. says that she is still on her estate in Poland and can't get away, but that it will be all right, as she idolizes Marie—who wouldn't?—and never refuses the latter anything. But it would be more satisfactory to see her at once. I wish M.'s father was alive—so much easier to stand up to a man if he is rude."

The letter annoyed me. Why? I suppose I had liked the girl overmuch and my pride was injured. I was jealous. However, months had elapsed since I had seen her, and so there was nothing for it but to write and congratulate him, and as I remembered the vision of that sweet little person, with the complexion of the north and

the attractiveness of the south, I envied the lucky devil.

The last envelope looked interesting; it carried a large "Foreign Office" stamp in the south-west corner and a very black "On Her Majesty's Service" along the northern edge. Inside was a scrawl from another pal, who having eaten Pathan lead in a border scuffle had been invalided from the army and become a King's Foreign Service Messenger. He wanted to avoid going to St. Petersburg with the Foreign Office bags when his turn next came, and would I care to take the run for him? If so, he could arrange it. The very thing. Here at last was something to do, a new experience and off the beaten, monotonous track; something interesting, and perhaps even dangerous—who could say? On meeting him at the Rag a few months since, I had asked him to let me take a trip for him, but as he had thought sanction difficult to obtain, I had banished the idea from my mind. Yes—I would certainly accept. It would be pleasing to revisit Russia, where I had been before; and the Madrid and Constantinople beats, which also fell to him, did not equally appeal to me. A Monday evening, some weeks later, saw me call at the Foreign Office to take over the bags and later drive to Liverpool Street station, swelling with pride and stamped "Foreign Office" all over. To a body that usually travels "hard," while containing the soul of a millionaire, it is, to say the least of it, agreeable to be able to travel for once like a prince, while hungry and obsequious officials, having suddenly become anxious as to my welfare, touched their caps from Downing Street to the Dvortsovaya Naberejnaya. The explanation is simple. The route is paved with liberal tips, likening the King's Messenger to royalty travelling incognito, or to a millionaire. One had read of the dangers undergone by King's

Messengers, the attempts to steal their despatches by drugs, chloroform, and other penny-dreadful instruments of the determined thief. Should I be able to sleep on my important journey? Would I be subjected to interesting experiments? Indeed, I hoped for some adventure despite the cold douche turned on to me by my sister, who, at my departure, had damped my ardor by remarking in the elder sister way—

"You'll probably distinguish yourself by losing one of the bags, although I don't suppose it would matter much, as anything important is sent by post. The service of King's Messengers is as prehistoric as the poet laureate."

We travelled *viâ* Flushing, Berlin, and Alexandrovo (the frontier station), reaching Petersburg on the third day, where I safely delivered over my charges at the Embassy, engaging rooms for myself at the Hotel Metropole. Alas! nothing exciting had occurred during the journey, at which frankly I was disappointed; none of my fellow-travellers had evinced more than an everyday interest in my important person, and I had regretfully come to the conclusion that once more I had pricked a glorious bubble of the imagination and that my brutally practical sister was one up! A King's Messenger's existence was as tame as that of the proverbial caged lion, and certainly not so pleasant, for, whereas the king of beasts is victualled in royal manner, the unfortunate king of messengers, unless able to speak Russian, could expect little to eat 'twixt the frontier and St. Petersburg. Meals were provided at certain stations only, and he, if unable to ask for them to be brought to the train, where he was obliged to remain with his bags, must perforce go hungry to bed. Fortune, however, smiled on me more than on the ordinary foreigner travelling in this seemingly wild land, for, having been there before, I was cognizant of the

evils of the road and had some slight knowledge of how to circumvent them. I had previously lived in Russia to learn the language, and had spent the usual period in a Russian family struggling to tie my rebellious tongue into the necessary knots, with ever the Damoclesian sword of failure suspended over my devoted head. But success had eventually crowned my efforts to master the language, or rather defeat the examiners, which was at the time the more important alternative; for 'twas at their bidding the dreaded sword would fall, and the narrow jaws of the paymaster's stingy purse would snap with a determination of purpose unassailable.

The staff of the Embassy were most hospitable to me, a stranger, and besides lesser functions I was bidden to an English dinner-party given by the Minister two nights after my arrival. Although quite a small affair it impressed itself on my memory, because of an interesting after-dinner conversation on the subject of political spies, and the multi-colored methods of the various international secret service agents. What a wonderfully absorbing book—nay, books—could be filled if a thousandth part of the history of diplomatic methods could be chronicled! The thrilling tale of how the Scot, Mackenzie, contrived to conceal himself behind a curtain on the raft on the river Niemen at that empire-making *tête-à-tête* on 25th June 1807, and how he learned first hand and alone of the devilish machinations of Napoleon and Alexander I. for the employment of the Danish fleet and the destruction of England, would dwarf in the telling beside many Bismarckian and other accomplishments of later days. And conversation drifted on to the doings of female pirates, some of whom, in the guise of beautiful women, had done great work for their countries, or the countries which paid them. History

proved that they were the best tools for similar work, as the most carefully guarded political secrets owe discovery to the fair sex, so devilish well equipped are they in their beauty and charms against poor weak man. How indeed can a man, unaccustomed to the ways of women, be expected to stand on equal terms with a clever, designing, and beautiful woman? Sexless cranks may babble of sex hatred; militants may clamor for the vote and acknowledgment of their equality with man. Men-less females may trumpet of their discontent. Alas! though such things must be, they do not alter the law of nature which makes woman want to play with man, and man interested in woman. Given time, and not long at that, the clever and attractive woman will inevitably twist him round her finger, and he, unless he runs like Joseph, will fare like Adam. And therein lies the paradox, for being by nature strong and afraid of nothing, he will scorn to leave the field, conceited in a fancied strength, which strength will be his undoing. Joseph is often quoted as the exception to the rule, but, as said above, he competed with the proverbial hare; and on Mrs. Potiphar's attractions authorities are ominously silent.

To my query as to whether they were mostly noted in the archives of the Office, Hector Drummond, the 2nd Secretary, laughingly replied that there should be little need, as a proper diplomat took every woman—his wife included—as a pawn, if not a spy, in the most fascinating of games. But some of course were undoubtedly well known, had in fact an almost European reputation. Instance the late Madame St. Germain, who in her time had fascinated to some effect more than one royal personage, and again the young and pretty Countess Sobleski, who feared neither God nor devil, and was believed to have done great things for

the Russian Government. Her usual hunting-ground was Austria, and watering-places in the south of France. Madame Sterekov was yet another beautiful woman, who filled a salon in London with some of the best brains in Europe, and was said to have kept certainly one Prime Minister dangling at her chain. Strange were the rumors about her source of living, coupled with curious political accidents that had befallen certain suspected Grand Dukes. And so the conversation wagged until our host took us to join the ladies, shortly after which the party separated, for which I, with a somewhat hurried trip to Moscow and back in front of me, was not sorry.

A week later I was due to return to England, and accordingly called at the Embassy for the bags for Berlin and London, signing the usual receipts. To my chaffing inquiry of Drummond as to whether I was to be entrusted with anything really secret, or whether the packages contained only a selected brand of cigarette for some friend at the Foreign Office, I was told that papers of unusual importance were in my consignment. They were in one particular bag that was not to be registered "through," but kept in my compartment under my own eye. A natural reply, but the unexpected tameness of my experiences on the outward journey had inoculated me with a sense of disappointment in the whole duty. The important despatch was doubtless "cigarettes." The ordinary precautions of the everyday traveller were all and more than all that were necessary. Youth easily comes to conclusions, and blessed indeed it is that it knows not the dangers it escapes, or surely age would come apace.

To the "Varshavskaya jeleznyaya doroga," or, in other words, the terminus of the railway to Warsaw, we drove in a hotel bus—a drive of some twenty minutes. The station was

emptier than usual, and between the time of registering such of my luggage as was to be put into the van and the starting of the train, I amused myself by scanning with interest likely companions of the road. Here were two Frenchmen obviously bound for the gay city, some Russian officers for Warsaw, and a party of unmistakable Germans with their women-folk. But most were travelling second-class, observing the rule of Russia where it is said that only fools and princes travel "first." To which might have been added those who have their way paid for them. But here comes a French woman, or perhaps a Russian dressed in Paris, somewhat heavily veiled, and accompanied by a maid and an obese, elderly, and untidily bearded Russian. Something about her attracted me—what, Heaven knows! but something, an indefinable something about her made me want to see her unmask, and I—I was young. Truly the gods must have been young once, for with a sympathy bordering on an infinity of knowledge, they are mightily merciful to the follies of youth.

I was glad to see her put into a first-class compartment in the same carriage as was my "malenkoe otdielenie," and still more pleased to see her uninteresting and corpulent male friend left on the platform. And then betaking myself to my compartment, pipe and books, I set to work to read, play patience, and generally beguile the tedium of the journey till dinner-time. There was a refreshment car on this train, and being early at my place when meal-time came, I watched my fellow-passengers entering, and amused myself speculating who they might be. The veiled lady was now unhooded, and the reward of anticipation was not in this case disappointing. She reminded me much of someone, but of whom, alas! my memory cheated me. I could not define the likeness, and yet

—and yet surely I had seen those dimples and mannerisms before! There was something similar yet indefinable but, try as I would, the picture would not return. She was shown by the obsequious head waiter to a small table at the end of the car, and sat facing me where I could get a good view of her and watch her movements. She was extremely pretty—more than pretty—because there was something very attractive about her, and her color was well shown off by the deep black that she was wearing, relieved only by strings of pearls. Crowning her small head was a mass of dark, almost raven, hair, and under extremely well-marked dark eyebrows were a pair of large, wonderfully deep blue eyes; unlikely combination, but worthy setting for her unusual complexion, which looked for all the world like the down on a ripe hothouse peach. Needless to say, I looked at her fairly often, and more than once she seemed to catch my glance, whereby for some inexplicable reason a warm glow of satisfaction possessed me, and thump, thump, thump went the receiver below my ribs. Well—why shouldn't she look at me? I was, after all, a well-groomed, well-set-up man, and cleaner surely than many hairy foreigners around. But the likeness puzzled—and yet certainly we had never met before.

At breakfast and lunch next day we sat in the same positions, and I caught her eye on more than one occasion. When momentarily our glances met my wireless installation tapped out that she wanted to speak to me, that her modesty forbade her; and I replied with "please do—please do—please do," which she could not have failed to read. To my disappointment she left the dining-car before me after lunch, but as I returned to my compartment I was surprised and glad to see her standing in the corridor between me and it, looking out of the window, so

that it was not possible for me to reach it without apologizing.

"Vinovat"—"excuse me"—it was soon done, and the ice once broken, what more natural than that two bored passengers should exchange the ordinary platitudes of the road? We talked for five minutes, we talked for ten minutes, we were still talking at the end of twenty minutes—what better way of spending the weary, shaky hours than in mental contact with a pretty adversary, sparks flying in all directions, and the glorious exhilaration of travelling fast with eyes blinded to the danger signal? Is it not the element of risk, uncertainty, and danger that makes sport, speculation, and pretty women so attractive?

Next morning as I was sitting in my solitary compartment she came out of hers, and stood at my door looking out of the window at a new bridge over which we were slowly crossing, so throwing my book in the corner, I moved out and spoke to her. She was of an enquiring mind, had travelled much, and was interested in the East, especially in those delicate problems that arise when West meets East and pretends that they are one. And then a sad thing happened—her face puckered, or whatever it does when you sneeze, and she sneezed, sneezed, sneezed; a real bad fit that made her speechless and pink of face. And between the sneezes I could just catch "maid"—"salts." Hot foot I hastened to her compartment at the other end of the carriage, only to find the stupid maid asleep. I woke her with no gentle persuasion and asked for Madame's salts. What a clouded brain the woman possessed! I tried in French, I tried in German, I tried in Russian, but I might as well have spoken to her in Parvatiya for any gleam of intelligence that was produced; and then I sneezed violently once, twice, and went through the play

of sniffing salts, all for the edification of this dolt whose brain was Lord alone knows where, while her sweet mistress might be choking. But success for once crowned my acting efforts; the woman hustled at her keys and Madame's dressing-bag, and armed with the bottle we sallied forth triumphantly to the rescue of beauty in distress. Madame was seated near where I had left her, on the corridor seat outside the compartment which was next to mine, sneezing, but less vigorously. She soon recovered, apologizing most charmingly, telling me that she had unfortunately been subject to these paralyzing attacks since hay fever had claimed her as a victim the year before; and I—I could only say to her that if hay fever made all women look like her, I would introduce legislation to compel her sex to sleep permanently in hay-fields. She laughed, and said men were all the same.

"Damn the other men," I growled. "Why on earth remind me of them?"

She told me she was leaving the train at Warsaw. No, she had never been to England, it was the dream of her life—would I take her? and she switched those dazzling lights on to me so that verily I knew not whether I stood on my head or my heels, a worse predicament indeed than that of the navigating officer who from darkness is plunged into the paralyzing glare of a powerful searchlight, for he at least is conscious.

Ah! but that wouldn't be proper, would it? Besides, she had heard all Englishmen were so cold! and off went the light, leaving one shivering in antarctic cold. Then after ten minutes more of this delightful folly of light and darkness, hot and cold, the children's game of "now you're warm and now you aren't," she went to her compartment. And I, thanking the saints that there were angels in the world,

turned into mine, threw myself on to my back at full length on the seat and looked at the ceiling. And then—God in heaven!—could it be true? I rubbed my eyes—yes—the small Foreign Office bag which I had placed in the rack was gone. It had been there two hours before when I unlocked the door (I had got a key out of the conductor) on returning from the refreshment car. It had been there half an hour since when I moved out into the corridor and stood at the door talking to Madame, and now, well—it must have fallen down. I got up and hunted, I turned the compartment inside out, I moved everything at least six times, and then I again lay down and thought;—thought, thought, thought. It *must* be found. I was on the high-road to lose my commission, for such disgrace I could never face and remain in the service. Could any one have got in at the window? No—unlikely—it was screwed down; for just as in India there is an official date for barrack punkahs to be required, so in Russia there is an official date for railway windows to be openable. Who could have got in? Several passengers had passed up and down the corridor, but I had either been in the compartment or at the door. Yes—I had once been away, when I went to get the sneeze medicine; but that was for less than two minutes. Besides *She* couldn't have taken it. Impossible. Heavens—had she? Had I been fooled? Had I risked everything by talking to that woman? It couldn't be—and yet—and yet! The more I reviewed the situation the more certain I was that no one but she could be the thief. How was I to beat her? For nigh upon an hour I thought. I thought long and I thought hard—and then like a shaft of light the resemblance that I had in vain searched for came to me in my agony of despair. The same mannerism, the same dimples—those damned

elusive dimples. But what had that to do with it? By all the saints, a chance, and worth trying. No time to waste; action at once was essential; the true soldier's maxim, "attack, attack, attack."

I walked down the corridor. The door of the compartment was closed, the blinds down. I returned to mine and pressed the bell button. "Nu poslu-shaete" (listen), I said to the attendant, "You know the charming lady, the 'krasavitsa' in No. 15; she is—I want to see her," and I pressed a ten-rouble note into his hand.

"She is ill and not to be disturbed."

"Ah—then I must see her maid—any excuse you like—but *now*."

And I solemnly counted out five ten-rouble notes.

Five minutes later the maid came to my door.

"You want to see Madame—she is ill."

"But so am I—I am ill with love—your mistress is, like you, so pretty, so charming, I must see her."

"Madame cannot and will not see any one."

"Then give her this," and tearing a page out of my pocket-book, I wrote on it the words "Hôtel de France, Rome." I despatched her with it and with twenty roubles for herself.

And then I waited—waited for what seemed an infinity of time, racking my muddled brain for guidance should she refuse to see me. But women, however cruel, are curious. Even if the words I sent were not the key, as I hoped and prayed they were, curiosity might make her see me, and then Providence would help me out. The maid came out of compartment No. 15 beckoning to me, and as I passed her and entered it she remained outside and closed the door.

How clearly I remember the scene. Madame was sitting in the corner, propped up with cushions; her feet, the

tiniest surely that ever graced a shoe, rested on a lucky hat-box. She looked as charming as ever—that was palpable at a glance—and her face showed merely sufficient traces of storm to call forth sympathy and a desire to help.

The scene and its curious setting comes back to me as yesterday, and as I write my heart re-echoes the bumpity-bump tune it then played as for a second I stood there uncertain of success. If she spoke first I had drawn the winning number; if, on the other hand, she were to say nothing, to wither me with contempt, then my suppositions were wrong and despair would stare me in the face. But no, as I stood looking at her, something assured me that without the smallest doubt she was the thief. Was it possible that my shaft could find a weak spot in her harness? If so, the high stakes that we played for must be mine. Then she broke the silence. What did this piece of paper mean? she hoped I would be quick and explain it, for, if a joke, it was exceedingly ill-timed; she lacked the sense of humor of my countrymen; she was tired and ill and would be alone. Saying which she held out to me the page of my pocket-book so recently sent in to her.

"I will explain at once," I said, "but I must apologize. That stupid maid of yours has given you the wrong piece of paper instead of my note. But it is all the same. You said to-day you knew Rome. I must send a most important telegram there from the next station at which we stop—can you most kindly give me the right address—the street this hotel is in?" and as I spoke I handed her the following telegram:—

"Captain Osborne,

Hôtel de France, Rome.

"Your marriage impossible meet me lunch Rag one thirty Thursday. Full explanation.—CECIL."

I can't remember the street; I'd be

most grateful if you'd tell it me."

I watched her closely as she read the full address, knowing full well she'd read the message; and my heart gave one tremendous leap as, clever actress that she was, I saw the slightest possible tightening of the fingers. It was just as if a horse stumbled and recovered himself. She was beat—badly beat—and knew it.

"I am afraid I have read the message: I am so sorry, but you shouldn't have given it to me. Poor Captain Osborne, why is his marriage impossible? must you send that wire?—so sad to think of young people unhappy—do hearts break?" and again those devilish lights switched on, but I was armed.

"Yes—it must go," I said; and then with stern, slow deliberation, "unless—unless before our next stop I can find in my compartment a small green bag which was there this morning. I don't want to send that message, because it will cause great pain to a very sweet girl, Marie d'Alençon, and probably drive her to pursue the devil's life led by her sister, whom she thinks kind and innocent and good. God! what a mockery! But there is no alternative. I am now going to the dining-car, and there is no need to tell you the number of my compartment."

"And, if you find this—this wonderful bag of yours, will you still tell your friend the Captain that . . ."

"If I find the bag, I give you the word of an Englishman that I will tell nothing for Marie's sake." And with that I abruptly left her and went into the dining-car.

The déjeuner was served shortly afterwards, but Madame did not put in an appearance. The endless courses came and went; I hated every one who ate and ate and helped to spin the meal out. But everything ends in time, even the tortures of the inquisition-chamber. I cannot easily describe my

feeling of fear as I walked back to my compartment, which on this occasion I had purposely left unlocked, lest she might defy me; my fear that the bag would not be returned. And yet—there it was in the identical place in the rack, looking for all the world as if it had never been moved. The revulsion of feeling on recovering it and seeing that the seals had not been tampered with was so immense that I could only say my prayers in thankfulness for so narrow an escape. It was almost impossible to realize my great good-fortune.

And narrow escape indeed it was, for had I not by the remotest chance in the world known Marie and of the mysterious wealthy sister that lived in Poland, the sister that regarded Marie as the apple of her eye; had I not alighted on the one weak spot in her devil's armor, I should assuredly have lost my commission, while a most important despatch on the subject of Britain's attitude to the Amir of Afghanistan would have found its way into the Russian Foreign Office. I deserved indeed to fail, but was miraculously and wonderfully preserved, while that clever and infernally pretty woman encountered defeat for once in her life at the hands of a happy-go-lucky subaltern.

Till our arrival at Warsaw, where she detained, I did not again see her ladyship; but there she was on the platform once more, heavily veiled. Out of devilry I went up to say good-bye—or rather the pleasanter phrase of "*do svidaniya*"—and expressed the pious hope that when next we met she would have taken her "pension." Could I give any message from Madame to Marie or to the Captain?

Putting up her veil, and looking at me in a most innocent and injured manner, with tears, real tears, welling up into her glorious eyes, she replied,

"Tell them that with your permission the Countess Sobieski will be at their wedding."

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Countess Sobieski!—a narrower escape indeed than I had dreamed of!

PANAMA—A LAST WORD.

There was never much doubt as to President Wilson's power to get some sort of a Tolls Repeal Bill through Congress. But there was an obvious risk that the Bill's passage would be made the occasion for a combined anti-British and anti-Democratic campaign, and we have therefore waited a few days before writing down this awkward question as definitely settled. Mr. Roosevelt, home again and politically active, may yet disturb the run of events; but, at the moment, American public opinion is quietly accepting repeal. This is rather a noteworthy fact. It would not be noteworthy if the tolls question had been judged on its merits. But in democratic States international questions are never judged on their merits; they are judged according to traditional prejudices and present circumstances. At the moment that repeal became law its opponents had an atmosphere favorable to their agitation. The trouble at Vancouver had spread along the Pacific slope a wave of ill-feeling against Britain as the mistress of India and the ally of Japan, and this ill-feeling has been accentuated by the ungracious and, in our view, mistaken refusal of the British Government to participate officially in the San Francisco Exhibition. Add to this the fact that the strained situation in Ireland has excited the Irish electorate in every State of the Union, and it will be understood that Britain is not in very good odor across the Atlantic just now. Nor is the Wilson Administration still unassailable. It has lost a good deal of prestige of late, partly from its

weak-kneed handling of the Mexican problem, partly from the failure of the new tariff to make things noticeably better for anybody. Circumstances thus pointed to an attack on repeal.

Its failure is due, in our opinion, to a real change in the average American attitude towards England—a change which has been in progress ever since the Spanish-American war. There is some tendency in this country to gauge feeling in the States too much by the utterances of representative Americans. Really goodwill towards Britain is one of the marks of breeding. It results from a developed literary sense and a trained historical judgment—faculties not possessed by the masses, to many of whom hatred of things English seems, or at any rate has seemed, an essential part of patriotism. It was this feeling, and not a reasoned belief in Mr. Taft's interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which threatened to prevent repeal, and it should be observed that the President never ventured to touch the question on its sentimental side. Before his election he did not refer to the subject at all, and in his famous message to Congress he deftly combined party feeling with one of those moral appeals to which his countrymen are never deaf. In taking this line the President showed a wise knowledge of the situation. The movement for repeal came from those who had read the treaty and felt that Mr. Taft's interpretation of it was not quite straightforward. It was all very characteristically American. The American is notoriously reluctant to get the worst of a bargain and inclines

to the view that all is fair in business and diplomacy, as well as in love and war. At the same time there is ingrained in him a vein of Puritanism which makes him tremendously anxious to do the right thing before the world, and the conflict between the two instincts often lends much psychological interest to American politics. In this case it was comparatively easy to do the right thing; for the Republicans had done the wrong thing and the Democrats were just feeling their feet again after 16 years. Accordingly, had the President taken no action he would have forfeited the confidence of a very powerful and energetic section of his supporters, with whose views he was himself in close sympathy, and, though we do not in any way wish to deprive him of the credit for grasping the nettle firmly, it is fair to point out that he was practically forced to grasp it.

The bargaining instinct was strong enough to insert an amendment in the Bill during its passage. The new Act explicitly declares that the United States does not abandon any right secured by treaty—with that declaration the Taft view may be said to be decently buried. European opinion, as the President himself pointed out, has been absolutely against the Taft position, so that if the matter had ever gone to arbitration the States would certainly have lost their case. For this reason the President was abundantly justified in the manner of his policy. By con-

The Saturday Review.

centrating on the treaty he turned the enemy's flank. The real strength of the feeling in favor of discrimination lay in the view that as America had made the canal she had a right to do as she liked with it. That is an intelligible and, in its way, a sound view, but its mere assertion obscured the—to Britain—vital point that it was owing to a treaty that the States had been able to build the Canal at all. It is especially for this reason that we welcome the amount of attention that has lately been given to the treaty. If ever the idea of discrimination is revived—and revival is by no means impossible—the Taft interpretation of the treaty will not be revived along with it. Instead, America will claim to do as she likes with her own, even at the cost of repealing the treaty. That would be a serious business and would be considered seriously; and that is all that we have the right to ask. The danger of the recent situation arose from the fact that leading politicians had claimed that the States were free to act as they chose without repealing the treaty. They based this claim on an interpretation which the President, who is himself a distinguished jurist, has officially pronounced to be indefensible. The danger is thus at an end and for his skill and courage in ending it the President deserves the thanks of his own countrymen, of the British public, and of all workers in the cause of goodwill throughout the world.

HOW TO BEHAVE.

Etiquette-books are like cookery-books—very few are practical. Really good cooks keep their secrets. Perhaps they could not impart them. Certainly they do not wish to. We imagine the same thing is true of those who regulate fashions in manners. If an etiquette-

book were signed by a great Duchess, we should still doubt whether she had condescended to tell us truly, or to tell us all. Perhaps she would disclose to us some old receipts for pretty behavior—just before she introduced some new. A book lies before us now

called *The Ways of Society*, by Mrs. Danvers Delano (T. Werner Laurie, 5s. net). However much she knows, she does not teach us a great deal, and we have an uncomfortable suspicion that she would sometimes lead us wrong. Cooks do that too sometimes. Her social receipts are better on paper than in practice, we fancy, but anyhow they are diverting. Mrs. Delano does not write for the socially contented, but for social aspirants. She makes a bold appeal to "those people whom unkind circumstances have prevented from taking their place in the social world during their early years." We are to suppose such adventurous spirits leaving their comfortable home in the suburbs and looking for a house in Mayfair. They should, we learn, pitch upon a mansion in a fashionable square, because in a square the garden offers possibilities of advantageous fraternization, at any rate for children. The next thing to be done is to secure the help of a lady of fashion, and then to give a ball. No expense must be spared, and no old friends must be invited. The only difficulty against which apt pupils are warned is the difficulty of keeping on good terms with the obliging lady of fashion. However disagreeable she may be—and apparently she is likely to be very disagreeable—it is essential not to quarrel with her until the ball is over. Once launched it may be possible to make shift alone. Now comes the need for careful navigation. The social novices will have to pay calls, go out to dinner, stay in country houses, &c., and pitfalls lie around them on every side. A call of a quarter of an hour is not a very formidable adventure. The rules laid down are simple. One suggestion is new and charming. It is better for the caller to leave her umbrella in the hall, unless "the handle is something quite out of the ordinary," when "you might pos-

sibly be justified in clinging to it." This is by way of permission, we suppose, to any excessively shy person who longs for something to hold on to. Now, armed with a very peculiar umbrella, who could feel embarrassment in any society? It would divert the gaze of all who stare. But one would like to hear more on this subject. What peculiarities are admissible? Would a very large bird or a black man's head be suitable, or would chased gold do, or brilliant enamel? Might the hostess ask to look at it closer, or could the children play with it if any were present? Mrs. Delano never tells us enough.

It is a short step from a call to a dinner party, and here the novice enters unsupported even by her wraps, let alone her parasol. Not much instruction is given as to behavior until we come to saying "good-bye." To accomplish this ceremony properly in the eyes of our social mentor may well seem an insurmountable task. The guests "should say something graceful and courteous to their hostess as they leave, make some spontaneous and pleasant remark, nothing forced nor mechanical." This is excellent advice in itself, but one fears lest the thought of the spontaneous remark which must be made before the carriage is reached might unduly preoccupy or depress the diner. A few remarks to serve as patterns should have been given. Mrs. Delano has no notion of lowering standards to admit outsiders. They ought to strive to have manners of such charm as to "create a blank" when their possessors have withdrawn. It is worth an effort to live in circles where such manners are common. Guests at a country house, as described in this manual, have, again, a difficult exit to make, and very little help is vouchsafed them. "A nice little speech consistent with good breeding" is required. "Good breeding" is a vague

term. In cookery-books we are advised to "season to taste," and are equally at sea. We turn from these very hard lessons to find something plainer and easier. If the pupil has a country house, she must be sure that all the upper housemaids wear round aprons. Now that is easily to be understood and remembered. She must never speak of the "slop-basin," but always say "tea-basin." Habit may prove a difficulty here. Might we suggest "sediment-bowl" as an alternative? It is always much easier to make a complete than a partial change. "Good gracious!" is a vulgar exclamation which must never be used. Mrs. Delano mentions a few more expressions of a like nature which should be avoided. We wish she had specified a few which are allowable. Total abstinence from ejaculation is a great strain upon some temperaments. We are told that at a wedding the guests should never stand upon the seats. This is easily avoided. Had the advice taken the opposite form, many persons would have been too shy to follow it.

The question of dress is a serious one for all women who desire to get on in the world, and in this matter Mrs. Delano's advice is amazing. "Can she be serious?" we wonder as we read. But there is nothing from the first page to the last to indicate that she is not in dead earnest—from where she explains how to give a christening to where she dilates upon the social conduct of a funeral. Here is what she tells us about dress: "We don the *négligé* on every possible occasion. For instance, *en famille* we may breakfast in a dainty kimono and ethereal cap to correspond." This odd costume, we are assured, is also permissible when two or three guests are present. In it "a lady has an opportunity of showing her braided hair. It falls in two exquisite plaits below the lace cap." "This form

of *négligé*," we are warned, is only suitable "to a youngish person." Serious elderly students will feel a great sense of relief on coming to this sentence. A little further on we find a really helpful suggestion, only too shortly put and too little elaborated. Mrs. Delano has known, she says, "people in society who owed everything to a sort of permanent lady governess. No doubt many of gentle birth would be glad of a billet of the kind." What a treasure such a person might be! Those who had such a one always about them would hardly need a book at all to tell them how to behave. She might help them over some of the really trying situations to which our author makes allusion. Unfortunately, it is not till nearly the end of the book that the governess expedient is mentioned, and the author turns from her at once to deal with a simple situation wherein so accomplished a person would hardly be necessary. In the very next line elementary precepts are laid down. "To make audible personal remarks is quite unpardonable," we read. Even a temporary governess not highly connected could tell one that. But for such a situation as the following exceptional tuition would seem indispensable—for those, we mean, who have not enjoyed for long the highest social advantages. "When anything occurs which is considered unseemly amongst your guests, avoid any fuss, but break up the party at once." Is it suffragette outrages or elopements that the author has in view? We have been warned already that "no one is ever too old to be talked about"—a sentence which creates an atmosphere sparkling with scandal. It must be elopements. But perhaps she means something much less serious. Possibly she is only alluding to drink. We are told never to take any notice of a proposal which is not made in the morning, which looks as if alcoholic poisoning must be reckoned

with. Whatever form the unseemliness might take, it would, however, be a work of great delicacy to break the
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party up at once. If this book is intended for beginners, we fear it is over their heads.

THE VETO OF CANADA.

The dramatic arrival in British Columbian waters of an organized party of 375 Indians has, so far as this country is concerned, abruptly revived interest in the whole question of Asiatic immigration into the territories of the white man, and particularly in so far as it affects the Pacific seaboard. The immediate significance of the incident lies in its bearing on Imperial unity; but viewed in its widest aspect, a problem is revealed which contains the elements in that long struggle which is to determine the ultimate relations between East and West. When, therefore, we attempt to pass critical judgment on events that are happening to-day, it will be as well to bear this stupendous truth in mind. For some years past there has been a strongly marked tendency in this country to belittle the claims put forward by our Colonial kinsmen, and to dismiss their case with the superior assumption that it was based on the ignorant grounds of racial prejudice. Sometimes they have been taken to task on account of their inconvenient obstinacy, for the fact has never been lost sight of that, sooner or later, Great Britain itself must become involved in the dispute. And here it is instructive to recall that, when some seven years ago immigration troubles were coming to a head in California and British Columbia, no little hostility towards the agitation movement was shown in the States and Provinces of Eastern Canada and America. With the acquisition of greater knowledge of the actual merits of the question, however, and with the additional experi-

ence of Asiatic activity on the Pacific Coast which time has brought, this hostility has been converted into a sympathetic realization of the danger that threatens the Western shores of both countries. In other words, what was once looked upon with irritation as a parochial bugbear, is now come seriously to be regarded as a common peril. We fear it is almost too much to hope that this process of enlightenment, although it has spread amongst vast communities situated thousands of miles from the regions directly concerned, will in the near future penetrate to any effect beyond the Atlantic. Our very immunity from Oriental immigration on any considerable scale, and our enthusiastic if somewhat selfish conception of the Imperial idea, preclude us from sharing the point of view of our Overseas Dominions.

It would be futile to deny that the question involved in the arrival of the *Komagata Maru* at Vancouver possesses a very disquieting significance in regard to the Imperial outlook. The case that is being put to the test is to decide whether our fellow-subjects in India are to be permitted to take up their residence in the lands which by the laws of the pioneer belong to our fellow-subjects in Canada. Without any discrimination, the Provincial Government of British Columbia has set its face against Asiatic immigration. Restrictive legislation has long been in force; but, in spite of all precautions which such legislation provides, nothing so far has been devised to stay the steady inflow of Japanese, Chinese, and Indians, which year by year goes to

diminish the proportion between the white and Asiatic populations. Finding that the law which prohibited the landing of Indians in Canada who had not come by continuous journey from their native country had ceased to be an effective check upon immigration, the Provincial Authorities were compelled to adopt other means for enforcing their policy. An Order in Council was issued prohibiting the admission of artisans and laborers until March 31 of the present year.

This period has been extended by six months. As the Indians on the *Komagata Maru* have not made a continuous journey from India, even though they plead that they belong to neither of the categories mentioned, it is difficult to see how they can make good their case before the Canadian courts. Their leader, one Gurdit Singh, a man of determination and resource, appears to have taken upon himself the task of settling one way or the other the complex problem involved. Incidentally, as we have already implied, he is raising the whole question of Asiatic immigration and is hastening the day for the final settlement of this question. In such a settlement we firmly believe that compromise will have no part. Were the peoples of Asia to remain content under laws which merely imposed restrictions on their right of entry matters might be otherwise; but the history of the past few years shows only too clearly that the Indians are becoming restive and the Japanese positively aggressive under the bar which has been placed upon them by the white man.

It is altogether too late in the day to equip expeditions or to exploit the Press for the purpose of raising the issue in test form. The results of the last elections afford conclusive proof that not alone the residents of British Columbia, but the people throughout the Dominion as a whole, have de-

cided that Canada shall remain a White Canada. This decision they have reached in no mean or ignorant spirit of race prejudice. It is based on a realization that human progress and human happiness cannot be furthered by implanting in their midst an alien people whose social customs, ethical conceptions, and economic status differ so widely from their own. If this divergence did not exist then assimilation would be possible and time would remedy all things. But it does exist, and assimilation is out of the question. If the difference between the white man and the Asiatic were one of a merely economic nature then the world's verdict would be "let the best man win." But disparity lies deeper. The Canadian is the product of Western civilization. The code which governs his family life and his life in the community is the code which is common to Christendom. Is it reasonable or right to expect him to welcome in his midst a people who look upon women as slaves, and who condone where they do not practise concubinage and polygamy? When to the total irreconcilability of moral ideals is added the economic inequality between the white man and the Asiatic the hopelessness of arriving at any solution of the problem satisfactory to both is painfully apparent. Yet determination to have his own way, no matter the cost, characterizes the attitude of the one equally with the other. As far as China is concerned she is fully occupied with her own domestic troubles and is unlikely to prove a disturbing factor in the problem for many years to come. With Japan the case is different. However tolerant her rulers may be in devising temporary expedients for meeting the delicate situations that must continue to arise owing to the insistence of America and the Colonies to maintain their white status, the people themselves will

sooner or later demand the satisfaction of finality. This aspect of affairs is not lost sight of in the Colonies, where it is realized that any day the hands of the Japanese Government may be forced and a crisis precipitated. And behind this realization lies the desire, which so urgently and so repeatedly they have advanced, that adequate naval provision should be made in the waters of the Far East.

Meanwhile Great Britain will have to face the difficulty that is rapidly assuming grave proportions owing to the determination of British Columbia to
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prevent the landing of Indians in Canada. Compromise may offer the line of least resistance; but it cannot provide a lasting settlement. Indeed, it is questionable whether the day has not already passed when on this question compromise could form the basis of any agreement, however transient. For the Canadians as a people, having learnt the lesson of restriction, are swiftly being educated to the idea of nothing less than exclusion. This is what we in England must be prepared to see in the near future, an irrevocable part of Canadian policy.

SALVATION IN LONDON.

Right in the heart of the Season, during the week consecrated to Ascot, a great military power has invaded London, occupied a fortress under the very shadow of our Courts of Justice, marched in force with flying banners to Hyde Park, and scattered its triumphant details over the streets of our great city. It is not the long-expected Germans, but a far more formidable force, the Hosts of the Lord. They come from every quarter of the globe, from Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand, from Australasia, China, and the remotest islands of the ocean, this great cosmopolitan array of soldiers, white, brown, black, and yellow. It is a peaceful triumph, penetrating the great heathen masses of our metropolis with the spirit of kindly jubilation. So many agreeable and happy faces, such varied gaiety of garb, have hardly been witnessed before. But those who recollect the despised beginnings of the Salvation Army, over thirty years ago, will recognize it for a famous victory. "Corybantic Christianity" was the contemptuous term forged by the wit of Professor Huxley, and superior persons

discoursed in the press upon tarantism and the nervous disorders associated with it. The social experts of the Charity Organization Society indulged in *ex cathedra* denunciations of the reckless methods of help given by these unqualified amateurs. The respectable Churches were shocked and horrified by the vulgar sensationalism and the blasphemous familiarity with which high and holy things were handled. And well they might be, for it belonged to the essence of "Salvationism" to shock the respectability of the Churches. For in what other way is spiritual progress possible for any people? Mr. William Booth and his more finely gifted wife discovered, as many a dissident before them, that precisely on account of the quality of respectability the Churches could do no great work. The mild misery of the spectacular sinners who confessed themselves Sunday after Sunday in their well-dressed congregations induced a spiritual paralysis. If real misery was to be reached, if the souls of out-and-out sinners were to be saved, this cold solemnity of ecclesiasticism must be abandoned. The

makers of the Salvation Army faced the fact that for the mass of the working population of this land there was no spiritual life; the doctrines of Christianity and the rites of the Christian Churches meant practically nothing to them. The ordinary mission services, intended to supplement the formal ceremonies of the Churches, lowered the dignity without abating the dulness. The more exciting modes of evangelical revivalism failed to touch or hold the struggling hordes of impoverished dwellers in our city slums. The slow traditional arts and crafts of Catholicism, with its austere and studied graces of sensuous appeal, had no message for this swarm of strugglers, so far as they stood outside the captured Celtic fringe. What was real to them was the life of the streets, their only ideas of art were formed by the music-hall, their best notion of discipline and struggle was associated with the army and the football field. The only Christianity that could reach the slum must bite upon these actual conditions of their daily life. If it was to be received at all, it must masquerade in a hilarious, sensational guise, with drums and trumpets, banners and processions, presenting all its teaching in the menacing formulas of war. It must compete, not so much with the Churches, as with the glare and joviality of the public-house and the sensational "turns" of the music-hall.

By such vulgar instruments it must insinuate the motives to a better life. It had, of course, also a deeper psychology, based upon a long empirical study of the human heart under strong, sudden, emotional strains, and yielding to the process of "conversion." The conception of the Christian life in terms of warfare was, of course, no novelty. Even the dramatization of this notion, though it needed courage,

showed little originality. What we regard as the really distinctive achievement of William Booth was the recognition that upon this military basis alone could be founded a society sufficiently autocratic in structure to contend successfully against the dissolving force of congregationalism. An army will, it is assumed, accept despotic discipline and accord unquestioning obedience in presence of the enemy.

But such explanations go a very little way to diminish the marvel of the achievement. There are to-day many forces making for international co-operation, in the world of business, of politics, of science, and of philanthropy. But none, we venture to assert, are filled with so full an enthusiasm for a common cause, so utterly transcending the limits of race, climate, and nationality, as the Salvation Army. In considering how this enthusiasm is maintained, it is impossible to ignore the element of humor. To the serious type of pietist, inheritor of "the Puritan whine," religion has no place for levity of thought or speech, for the ridiculous. To him the half-conscious element of play, the exaggeration and abandonment of language and action, the jostling of the holy and the secular, nay even the jocular, is an immitigable offence. Yet it would not be difficult to show what infinite harm this crude Judaism, this abrupt partition of life into grave and gay, and this expulsion of the latter from the sacred precincts of the temple, have done to the spiritual life of man. The courageous and free admission of the brightnesses and jocularities of life into the service of religion is a great achievement of Salvationism. Other sects have professed cheerfulness, but none have so openly embraced the spirit of jollity. Even here, however, there is not full originality, as we are reminded by the frank adoption of negro song and melody—

"When trouble came, in Noah's time,
My! didn't it rain!
Forty days, forty nights,
My! didn't it rain!"

Now such religious arts will never perhaps appeal to sensitive and cultivated persons absorbed in the mystery of life and the spiritual destiny of man. It will remain difficult for such to realize that "common people," whose life is a constant jostle with the cruder sorts of vice, hardship, misery, require a coarser and more highly seasoned spiritual food. But the slightest intercourse with the Salvation Army shows that, contrary to early vaticinations, this levity and sensationalism have nowise impaired their spiritual earnestness. Goodwill, happiness, and serene confidence still pervade their ranks, nor do their terrible labors in the work of social salvage flag. For here we touch another basis of spiritual integrity. From the beginning, the Salvation Army has stood against the false separation of this and another world, has refused to preach a sedative gospel which belittles the pains and troubles

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of this earthly pilgrimage. On the contrary, it has devoted immense and unceasing energy to the detailed work of economic salvation, trying to rescue thousands of helpless persons foundering in the morass of destitution, and helping them to help themselves towards a self-supporting life. All their ways may not be sound, all their projects may not be successful, but in work at once so arduous and so perilous not a few errors may easily be forgiven. A larger judgment will be both just and charitable. And such a judgment is accorded now in many quarters where nothing but contempt and disgust once prevailed. It is generally recognized that the Salvation Army has "won through." The general feeling of goodwill accorded by every Londoner to the gaily decorated men and women who parade our streets is an informal but genuine testimony to this victory. So many happy and kind faces help to diffuse a happiness and kindness which we badly need for the conduct of a life in which these qualities are not abounding.

UNDER THE STARS.

Since first I discovered the joys of sleeping in the open air I have made my bed under the stars whenever and wherever I could—on the high veldt of South Africa, on the decks of ships, on garden-lawns, on the summit of the Bass Rock, on the high cliffs of Cornwall, and by the seashore. There is not one of these resting-places that I cannot remember quite clearly as an occasion by itself, although that which I recall with the greatest pleasure is my sleeping-place on the turf at the very edge of the Bass Rock during a week of wonderful May nights, when I had the whole island to myself but for the gannets that wheeled and cried below

me, the puffins, the seagulls, the rock-pipits, the rabbits, and a stray black-bird that used to come from the wood behind Tantallon Castle and whistle to me in the early morning. The least satisfactory of such al fresco slumbers have been those in a garden. In theory it is delightful to sleep on a lawn amid the radiant inhabitants and night perfumes of a garden; but in fact there is something incongruous in the idea as well as in the practice of using a garden as a sleeping-place. Our occupation of it is so much associated with the sunshine and things of day that one feels like an intruder among plants and shrubs when they have gone

to sleep at night; and also, apart from its vegetable population, there are too many other inhabitants of a garden, both winged and creeping things, to make it an entirely satisfactory sleeping-place. It seems delightful to be wakened by the song of birds; but birds do not sing their best or their sweetest in the early morning. They are busy getting food and quarrelling over it; and the sounds made by a colony of thrushes industriously tapping snails against stones and chirping loudly to one another concerning the preparation of breakfast are, however pleasant they may be when heard faintly through the closed curtains of a bedroom, altogether too noisy close at hand to make sleep easy or indeed possible. And as these sounds are in full blast at half-past three on a summer morning one's hours of sleep are apt to be unduly curtailed by them.

But last week I had a new experience of sleeping out which proved also to be one of the simplest and best. I was staying in a cottage built literally on the beach of an unfrequented strip of the coast—a steep beach of shingle or gravel which each receding tide from spring to neap left piled in a series of little terraces that stretched down from the mark of the last spring tide to that of yesterday's high water. On the lowest of these, within six feet of the sea, my bed was spread; a proximity that was made possible by the steepness and nature of the beach—and of course by the calmness of the weather; for the sea here washed against the steep bank of shingle as against a wall and sent no intruding tongues of foam or showers of spray, like those which even a gentle surf spreads over a flat sandy shore. One might think that the stones of the shingle beach would make a harsh resting-place, even through a mattress; but it was not so. The sea had smoothed my terrace quite level, and

had carefully rounded and polished every individual stone so that it might give a little when thrust by its neighbor or by some superimposed weight; and the flatness and support of a bed which thus rests on the actual surface of the earth give a comfort and repose of their own. This indeed I found one of the great advantages of the beach bed. Dryness and warmth are essential to one's comfort in sleeping out, and there are few spots of actual earth except perhaps, in very dry weather, the heather of a mountain-side, which are so free from damp and exhalations of any kind as the bank of shingle close to the sea. In most other situations some kind of a camp bedstead is almost a necessity, and the fact that one is resting even a few inches from the earth makes a difference, and deprives one of that sensation of closeness to and unity with the actual stuff of the revolving world which one derives from lying prone on the ground. I lay flat on my back with my feet to the sea and the sunrise, as the dead lie, and found it a very comfortable and reposeful attitude. By turning my head a little the limits of my view were disclosed on either hand. To the north the horizon was the actual hog's back of the beach itself, a mile or so away; to the right, and much nearer, it was bounded by a cliff that rose up like a wall cutting off the rest of the world.

When one is not accustomed to it there is a sense of excitement induced by being thus out alone in the night which keeps one awake and attentive long after a period of indoor habit. One sleeps lightly too; and though one awakes refreshed in the morning there has not been an hour in which one has not been aware of what was going on—the solemn changes of the stars, the shifting aspect of the sky, the gathering and grouping of clouds, and above all the voice of the sea which, speak-

ing thus close to one's ear, is not monotonous, but full of an almost articulate though incomprehensible variety. One listens to it raking gently at the gravel, lifting and lapsing upon it, dragging it back a little and heaving its liquid breath again; and thus listening one falls asleep, to be wakened half an hour later by some momentary change in its voice, some reinforcement of its energy thrilling to it here from the far-away Channel tides, or the last impulse of some unbroken wave that has rolled out from its unquiet heart, flowing across leagues of silence, to find voice at last against the shingle. And in such momentary intervals of consciousness one is aware of a change in the disposition of the stars, of the wheeling of the heavens above and spinning of the earth beneath one's head, and of the banking and massing of the clouds and changing color of the steel-gray sky that tells of the coming of day. There are no inhabitants of this beach but two fishermen, who work in a dreamy and deliberate manner with lobster-pots. They have a tiny shelter on the beach, in which by day they sit for hours scanning the horizon, or from which they at times issue and launch their boats, row out to where their creels are set, and row in again; moving slowly and stiffly up the beach like penguins, and settling again on their perch to scan the blank horizon. Very early in the morning, a good while before sunrise, which is about four o'clock at this time, I turned in my sleep and saw one of these men sitting on his customary perch, motionless, looking out over the sheet of rippled steel that the sea was at that hour. And I observed him there for at least ten minutes, fascinated by his immobility, almost guilty with the thought that I also was awake and intruding on his solitude; and, falling asleep, awoke again an hour later,

when the sun was eating like a red-hot coal into the cloud-bank of the horizon, to see him sitting there still and gazing upon it.

I will not deny that on one morning it began to rain soon after sunrise. I was awakened by a pattering noise about my head and realized that the sky was heavy and dark, and that the rain which was beginning was no passing shower. With a curious cowardice I buried my head beneath the clothes, drew them over my pillow, and tried to go to sleep and forget about it; hoping that while I slept the clouds would disperse, and the sun shine out and dry my coverlet. But it was not so. The rain increased, pattering louder on the sheet, and presently a cold rivulet ran down beside my neck and warned me that, since I must sooner or later face the wet journey over the shingle to the house, I had better do it before I and my bed were soaked. There was something humiliating in being thus chastised by the elements whose intimacy I had sought, and something (I have no doubt) humorous enough to an onlooker in the sight of a wet draggled bed on the beach and a wet and thinly clad figure hurrying up to the house in the cold rain of dawn. But there was no onlooker; that made all the difference to my self-respect. The bed was dried again in the sunshine of the morning, and my appreciation of a dry bed in a bed-room, although it took nothing from the pleasure of the earlier part of the night, was by no means impaired by the fact that I had failed to carry out all my programme.

It would have been easy to contrive a tentlet over my pillow and waterproof cover over the bed, which would have made me independent of these gentle vicissitudes of a summer night; I have made such provision in other places where my situation was more permanent, and have found a quite

separate and real pleasure in being thus snugly protected against rain and wind while lying out in the midst of them, and in observing, warm and dry, the passing over me of a storm of wind and rain. It is not really the weather that makes sleeping out difficult; that can easily be provided against. What is really essential and difficult to be sure of in England is privacy. I know not why, but the ordinary person has a singular shame in being observed by the public in his bed; and that shame is increased when the situation and method of his repose are anything out of the ordinary. Had this beach been a frequented beach, open to the passage of idle strangers, I confess that I should not have slept there. The pleasure which

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I had was a secret and intimate pleasure; I should have been shy of strangers observing me enjoy it; while the possible facetious comments of the unromantic prowler would have been quite unbearable. I suppose there is something instinctive in this unwillingness to be overlooked in our slumbers, when we are off our guard and the masks we assume in our waking hours are put away. But it is a pity; it makes what is a simple and pure pleasure difficult and complicated to achieve. Indeed if we do not mind lying open to the tremendous inquest of the skies and the scrutiny of the sea and stars, we need hardly fear the eye of our fellow-men, for the stars are never facetious, and the sea has no curiosity.

Filson Young.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

The death of Mr. Chamberlain removes from the political stage an actor who, even in his enforced retirement, exercised a strange power over the minds of politicians, and something like fascination over his fellow-townsmen. Of his domestic life, it is not our purpose to speak; the devotion of his family is well known, and there will be national sympathy with them in their grief. He had a genius for friendship, and was always surrounded by men, not always of the first calibre, who gave him ungrudging service, and were rewarded without stint. His public life falls quite naturally into four chapters—Municipal, Radical, Unionist, and Tariff Reform.

Before he retired from business he began to take an interest in the municipal life of Birmingham, where the Unitarians, to which enlightened sect he belonged, were very powerful, and took, perhaps, the leading part in the affairs of the town. Birmingham at

the end of the 'sixties was as mean and insanitary as other big industrial towns. Mr. Chamberlain entered the Birmingham Town Council as a reformer, and soon gave proof of his resolution and energy. He was three times mayor, and the people have never forgotten his splendid achievements, of which Corporation street is the outward and visible sign. From municipal Mr. Chamberlain quickly turned to national politics, and entered Parliament as member for Birmingham in 1876, with Mr. John Bright as his colleague. The Liberal party at that time was altogether too Whiggish for Mr. Chamberlain's liking, and he set to work to democratize it by organizing the National Liberal Federation, with its centre in Birmingham. He was denounced by his political opponents for introducing American methods into English politics, and the Caucus as he organized it, although democratic in its constitution, certainly tended to become

a great centralized political machine and a source of immense political power to the person in control. That person was, of course, Mr. Chamberlain, and the results of his work were visible in the General Election of 1880. Mr. Gladstone was not altogether aware of the new political force, and was startled, as readers of Lord Morley's *Life* know, to find that Mr. Chamberlain and his political ally, Sir Charles Dilke, were not satisfied to receive subordinate positions in the new Government. Mr. Chamberlain was justified in this prompt assertion of his importance, and was appointed President of the Board of Trade with a seat in the Cabinet. He was fortunate in having as his permanent secretary the late Lord Farrer, perhaps the ablest civil servant of his time, and one of the clearest thinkers on tariff questions. The Fair Trade movement was at that time prominent, and Mr. Chamberlain distinguished himself by some very hard hitting, especially at the General Election of 1885, when he was opposed by a working-man Protectionist named Dumphreys. But the great feature of this second chapter in Mr. Chamberlain's public career was the *Unauthorized Programme* of 1884, when he began to stump the country as the leader of the Radicals. Graduated taxation, land reform, fierce opposition to militarism and Imperialism, and an appeal to the landless laborer with the seductive offer of three acres and a cow, were the staple of his programme, though Disestablishment and a secular system of education were also planks in the platform. In this campaign he was assisted by his friend Mr. John Morley, who had now also entered Parliament, by Mr. Jesse Collings, and by a host of younger Radicals who objected to the predominance of Whigs like Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen.

But the whole political atmosphere

was changed by the results of the General Election of 1885. Mr. Chamberlain's programme won a good many seats in the counties, but the Conservatives, with the help of Lord Randolph Churchill, were fairly successful in the towns, and Mr. Parnell became the arbiter of the situation with his compact force of Irish Home Rulers. We will not dwell upon the well-known story of the first Home Rule Bill. Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of a National Council, or of two National Councils, could not be squared with Mr. Gladstone's larger design. There were personal differences between the two men, and the older statesman was perhaps unwilling to accord to the younger an office equal to the great influence he had acquired in the party. It is possible, perhaps probable, that if Mr. Chamberlain had been won over, the first Home Rule Bill might have been carried, and even if it had not been carried, the General Election of 1886, with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain working together, would probable have yielded a small Home Rule majority. But Mr. Chamberlain's secession cost the Liberal party Birmingham and the Midlands, and many seats in all parts of the country.

Thus the third chapter began. As a Unionist statesman he was bound to take a very different view of public affairs; and when, after remaining out of office for two Administrations, he became Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain rapidly came forward as a protagonist of the new Imperialism. Any estimate of his work as a colonial administrator must depend partly upon our judgment of his relation to the Jameson Raid, and of his conduct of the negotiations which ended in the South African War. In the early stages of that war Mr. Chamberlain was a popular hero, but the mismanagement of the war and its long continuance produced a severe reaction. A

period of bad trade followed. Mr. Balfour's Government became discredited, and Mr. Chamberlain endeavored to divert the attention of the country, and to rally the forces of Conservatism by Tariff Reform. This is the fourth and last chapter; and though he captured both the Conservative and the Liberal Unionist organizations, he had the mortification of suffering an overwhelming defeat at the General Election of 1906. Then came the fatal stroke from which he has never recovered. Since then he has been paralyzed, unable to walk

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without assistance, and unable to articulate clearly. The Unionist party, never thoroughly converted, has been falling away from his programme, but even those who are most opposed to it have felt acute sympathy for the sufferings and misfortunes of an extraordinary man, who will rank high among modern politicians for nimbleness in debate, for adroitness in counsel, for power as a platform speaker, and above all, for a courage and resolution which never faltered even when fortune turned irretrievably against him.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The volume on "Eugenics," which Dodd, Mead & Co. publish, owes its origin to provision made by Mrs. Huntington Wilson for lectures on the subject in a large number of American universities last year. Each of more than thirty colleges and universities was offered an honorarium for a lecture on eugenics to be delivered by a member of the faculty,—Mrs. Wilson's purpose being to have the subject put clearly before the undergraduates of as many student bodies as possible. This wise plan ensured the initiating of educational and elevating influences which are certain to be widely felt in the next generation and incidentally, the clearing away of many misconceptions. From the lectures thus given twelve have been selected for publication in the present volume. They are by professors of zoölogy, medicine and surgery, physiology, anatomy, plant-breeding, sociology, political economy, educational psychology and other departments of study. While this plan necessarily involves some repetition, this is not greatly to be regretted, since the subject is one of so great importance and so easily misunderstood and mis-

represented that its fundamental principles need to be reiterated. The forcible presentation of the subject from so many different points of view, each reinforcing the others, is an element which gives the volume a value which it could hardly have had if it had been the work of a single investigator.

Literature on the higher education of women, and its history in this country is enriched by a book, "Before Vassar Opened," by James Monroe Taylor. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, it makes a valuable companion volume for "The Life of Mary Lyon," and "Alice Freeman Palmer." Its spirit is sober and scholarly, and its treatment of the subject is unusually thorough. One interesting aspect of the founding of Vassar was the fact that while many other colleges began with an ideal and struggled for years to obtain sufficient funds to carry out that ideal, Vassar began with a fund in search of an ideal. The book in question gives an interesting picture of Matthew Vassar, founder of the college, and of the men who increased his inspiration, strengthened his purpose in

moments of vacillation, and carried his plans successfully through the depressing times of 1860-1865 when the foundations of the college were being laid. The author gives a very interesting summary of woman's education in the United States, both North and South, prior to 1860. He quotes the words of Milo P. Jewett, first President of Vassar, who resigned, however, before the formal opening of the college, in saying that this was "the first female college in the world," and adds that this did not indicate priority of date, but fullness of equipment. The astonishing breadth of vision, the large heartedness of Matthew Vassar, the courage of his assistants, their determination to place Vassar on an equal footing of scholarship with Harvard and Yale, and their insistence upon the very finest possible equipment, all these things are brought home to the reader with a keen realization that here was one of the greatest moments in the progress of higher education for women.

Arnold Bennett's "The Price of Love" (Harper Bros.) is another "Five Towns" story. It opens in the house of Mrs. Maldon, an elderly widow of means, who lives alone with her "lady companion," Rachel Fleckring. Rachel, who is a trim, pale, sensible girl, not far below her employer in social status, is the heroine of the story. Mrs. Maldon's "trustee,"—one of the smug hypocrites whom Arnold Bennett loves to depict—calls to inform her of a new investment he is making for a part of her property, and leaves nearly a thousand pounds with her, in banknotes, over night, to save himself trouble. Mrs. Maldon's two grandnephews,—second cousins to each other—are coming to supper. One of them,—Julian Maldon,—a gruff, sour but honest young fellow, is to start the next day for South Africa. The other, Louis Fores,

is in striking contrast to him. He is a confidential employee of an earthenware manufacturer, and has pleasing manners and artistic tastes, but a very doubtful record as to honesty, having lost one or two places on account of mysterious shortages. Rachel and he are drawn to each other at once. When Louis goes up stairs to close a window in the landing, he discovers the bundle of banknotes in the seat of a chair, left there by the absent-minded Mrs. Maldon, and puts them hastily in his pocket, saying to himself that he will laugh at his grandmother for her carelessness. Later, he finds it difficult to part with them; and, being asked to spend the night, he takes them up to his room. Before he has retired, he is summoned by Rachel to go for the doctor, as Mrs. Maldon has had a bad turn, and, hurriedly looking around for a place to leave the notes, he puts them in the neat fireplace. When he returns with the doctor, he finds that a fire has been built in his room, to heat water for the emergency, and the notes are gone. The notes are never found. Louis is suspected by the trustee, but there is no proof. Mrs. Maldon soon dies, and the property is divided between Louis and the absent Julian. After a decent interval Louis and Rachel marry. Their occupancy of the old home, with the changes which they deem necessary to bring it up to date, are described in Mr. Bennett's most characteristic manner. The plot now follows the stages by which Rachel discovers her husband's essential unworthiness, though the return of Julian introduces an unexpected episode which has a double bearing on the fortunes of the young pair. Mrs. Maldon's character has so much more of dignity and nobility than Mr. Bennett's characters usually are allowed that one feels that she must have been an accident. That the book is clever goes almost without saying.